THE

WIL OF WIT,

Wits Will, or Wils Wit, chuſe you whether.

Containing fiue diſcourſes, the effects whereof ſollow.

Reade and iudge.

Newly corrected and amended, being the *fift time Imprinted.*

Compiled by Nicholas Breton, *Gentleman.*

Non hà, Che non ſà.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Creede, 1606.

TO GENTLEmen, Schollers, and *Students whatſoeuer.*

GEntlemen, or others, who imploy your time in the ſtudies of ſuch Arts, as are the Ornaments of Gentilitie, to your courteſies I commend the vnlearned diſcourſe of my litle Wit, which as I will not intreate you to commend, deſeruing the contrarie: ſo I hope you will not diſdaine, though it deſerue diſcommendation, but ſo by your pardons, excuſe my ſmal diſcretion by great deſire, that hereafter with leſſe haſt, I may take as great care as paines, to publiſh a peece of worke, ſomewhat more worth the peruſing. Til when, wiſhing you al the fauor of God, with good fortune of the world, I reſt in honour of learning to you and all Students.

A louing friend, *N. B.*

A New Booke ſayes one, true, it came forth but totherday, good ſtuffe ſayes another. Read, then iudge. I confeſſe it may ſeeme to a number, a bold attempt, to ſet out a forme of wit, conſidering the witty diſcourſes of ſuch fine wits as haue deſerued ſuch commendation, as may driue this meane peece of worke of mine into vtter diſgrace, were it not that perfect courteſie doth beare with imperfect knowledge, regarding more the good minde in the Writer, then the matter written: and therefore the beſt will giue good wordes, whatſoeuer they thinke, to encourage a forward will to doo better, when indeede, it were a fantaſticall head that could doo worſe. Well, when Wit is a wol-gathering, and VVill wandring, the world without guide, what a caſe that man is in, that is in ſuch a taking, I referre you to madde folkes, of whom you may ſee examples ſufficient: and ſo I being in a certaine melancholy moode, paſt all Gods forbode, tooke my Pen and Inke and Paper, and ſomewhat I would goe doo, whatſoeuer it were, to put out one conceit, aud bring in another, at laſt, and at firſt, of a ſuddaine wars, and at aduentures, by Gods good helpe, and good fortune, the little Wit that I had, meeting with good Will, I knewe not how, but hauing written a while, I made ſomewhat of it, which though litle to any great purpoſe, yet, if it pleaſe

the Readers, I am contented, and if any man thinke it well done, then Wit ſhall thinke Will a good boy, and Will ſhall thinke he tooke Wit in a good vaine, and Will and Wit ſhall haue the more heart hereafter, to fall to further woorke, but if I haue bin more wilfull then wiſe, to trouble your wittes, with a witleſſe peece of worke, pardon me for this once, ye ſhall ſee I will pleaſe you better hereafter; in the meane time, deſiring your courteſies to commend what you thinke worthy, and not to diſdain without deſert, I reſt, wiſhing your content in what you wiſh well, as I pray you wiſh me as I do you.

Your friend *Nicholas Breton*
Gentleman.

¶ Ad Lectorem, de Authore.

VVHat thing is Will, *without good* Wit?
Or what is Wit, *without good* Will?
The one the other dith ſo fit:
As each one can be but ill.
But when they once be well agreed,
Their worke is likely well to ſpeede.

For prooſe, beholde good Bretons *will,*
By helpe of Wit, *what it hath writ:*
A worke, not of the meaneſt ſkill,
Nor ſuch as ſhewes a ſimple Wit.
But ſuch a Wit, *and ſuch a* Will,
As hath done well, and hateth ill.

I neede not to commende the Man,
Whom none can iuſtly diſcommende:
But doe the beſt, the beſt that can,
Yet ſome will ſpite, and ſo I end.
What I haue ſaid, I ſay ſo ſtill,
I muſt commende this Wit *and* Will.

FINIS.

Ad lectorem, de Authore.

VVHat ſhall I ſay of Gold, more then tis Golde
Or call the Diamond, more then precious?
Or praiſe the man with praiſes manifold,
When of himſelfe, himſelfe is vertuous?
Wit is but *Wit*, yet ſuch his *Wit* and *Will*,
As proues ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why? whats his *Wit*? proceed and aske his *Will*,
Why? whats his *Will*? reade on, and learne of *Wit*:
Both good I geſſe, yet each a ſeuerall ill;
This may ſeeme ſtrange, to thoſe that heare of it.
Nay, nere a whit, for vertue many waies,
Is made a vice, yet vertue hath her praiſe.

Wherefore O *Breton*, worthy is thy worke,
Of commendations worthy to the worth:
Sith captious Wittes, in euery corner lurke,
A bold attempt it is, to ſet them forth.
A forme of Wit, and that in ſuch a ſort,
As none offends, for all is ſaid in ſport.

And ſuch a ſport, as ſerues for other kinds,
Both young and old, for learning, armes, and loue:
For Ladies humors, mirth with mone he findes,
With ſome extreames, their patient mindes to proue.
Well *Breton*, write in hand, thou haſt the thing,
As when it comes, loue, wealth, and fame, will bring.

W. S.

A pretie and VVittie Discourse betwixt Wit and *VVill.*

LOng haue I trauelled, much ground haue I gone, many wayes haue I trode, mickle money haue I spent, more labour haue I lost, in seeking an olde friend of mine: whose cõpanie so courteous, his countaile commodious, his presence so pleasant, and his absence so grieuous, that when I thinke of him, and misse him, I find such a want of him, as all things are out of frame with me, and out of frame, can come to no good fashion. Oh what shall I do? It is long since I lost him: long haue I sought him. And too long (I fear) it will be ere I find him. But wot you who it is? Oh my wit, I am from my wit, I haue bin long. Alas the day, I haue bin almost mad, with marching throughthe world, without my good guide, my friend, and my cõpanion, my brother, yea, my selfe. Alas, where is hee? When shall I see him? How shall I seeke him, and whither shall I walke? I was too soone wearie of him, and am now wearie of my selfe without him. Well, I will go where I may. I may hap to find him: but hap is vnhappie. Therefore hap good, or hap ill, I will walke on still: if I finde him, happie man. If I do not, what than? Content my selfe euen as I can, patience where is no remedie.

Wit.

Long haue I lookt, far haue I sought, oft haue I wisht, and sore haue I longed for my merrie mate, my quicke spirite, my dearling, and my dearest byrd: Whose courtesie so contentiue, whose helpe so necessary, whose neerenesse

so great, whose presence so pleased me, and absence so angers mée, that when I would haue him, and sée, I am without him: I am not in order, and being out of order, can take no good course. Alas what shall betide me? I haue lost my loue, or my loue hath lost me. Would God wée might meete againe, and be merry together: which I cannot be without him. Oh what haue I lost? my Will, Whither is he gone? when will he returne? who hath led him away? or will bring him backe againe? what company is he faine into? or how doth he leade his life? Well, time yet may turne him. Till when I wish for him, hoping to meete him, but hope is vncertaine: yet hope well, and haue well. Thus alone I cannot dwell; if I find him so it is: if not, then I wis, I must be content with this. Patience is a vertue. But whom do I behold so neere? It is my Will, with heauie cheere: well, I am sorie for this geare. Yet will I to him out of hand, and know, how so the cause doth stand. What? Will? Will. Who? Wit? VVit. Whither away? VVill. Where I may.

VVit. whereto? VVill. Oh to do: VVit. What? VVill Teach thou me that. VVit. Why, sigh boy? VVill. Oh all my ioy. VVit. Where is it VVill? VVill. Among the ill. VVit. What is it lost? will. That grées me most. wit. And not to be recouered? will. Oh my heart is almost dead. wit. What will, Hold vp head. I will be thy friend to death.

will. Then giue me leaue to fetch my breath. And welcome: twise and thrice well met: where my hearts ioy is set. Many a walk haue I fet, but no comfort could I get, till now by thée mine onely friend, with whome I meane: my life to ende. If thou will giue me leaue good wit.

wit. Yes good sweete will, and glad of it. will. Then harke good wit vnto my tale: not of amidde my blisse in bale, nor any such like stuffe so stale. I studie not to talke in verse, but I will vnto thee rehearse, a plaine discourse, in homly prose, wherein I will at large disclose: How I

haue liued, with whom, and where: how I was tolled, here and there. How I did chaunce to trauaile hither, and so we will be merrie together.

Wit. Contented. Verse is good sometime, but sometime prose, and sometime rime. But be it either prose, or verse, what so thou wilt, good will rehearse: I meane to heare it to the ende. And quite thee quickly as a friend. But since thou likest prose so well, begin in prose thy tale to tell.

Willes Tale.

Oh good wit, (if thou dost remember,) I left thee in trauaile to the Well of Wisdome. Since when, I haue wandred through a wildernesse of woe, (which in the Pappe of that Countrey (I find) is called the Desart of Desire) Wherein I saw so many wayes, as now in this, and then in that. At least I came to the hill of hard Pappe, which ledde me downe into a Vale of Vanitie. There did I liue in the Lake of Miseries, with the lost people, that hauing followed Fancie, found Penitence, the reward of running heads. But Lord what a life it is? I loath to thinke on it. Welcome me sweete wit, there is such falling out with Fancie, who chiefe all upon Folly. Such exclamation upon Folly, who brings them to Fortune: such cursing and banning of fortune, for her forward dealing: in gentle helping them vppe vpon her wheele, and then suddaine dinging them downe (almost to their destruction,) that if there bee a Hell in this world, there is the place. God keepe all good mindes from such a filthy corner. Wit. Amen. But tell me how camst thou thence? Will. I will tell you anon: but first I will tell you more. There is of all Estates, Princes crie out of cares: Lordes, of lacke of liuing: Ladyes, of false Loue: Souldiers of want of pay: Lawyers, of quiet: Poore men, of Lawe: Marchants, of shipwrack: Marri-

ners, of fowle weather: Mariers, of Sermons, and Divines of Warre: Players, of Preachers, and Preachers of Players: Dicers, of loſing, and loſers of Diſing: Cripples, of fighting, and fighters of hurts: the Rich, of ſickneſſe: the Poore, of want: the Wicke, of paine: the healthfull, of ill happe: the vnhappie, of the time that euer they were borne. Oh, it is a pitious crie: I would not be there againe to heare it as I haue done, for the gaine of Europe.

Wit. Beleeue me, I cannot blame thee: but tell me, how camſt thou thence? will. Oh brother, I will tell you how: you know, ſometime trauellers muſt needes haue reſt, which they muſt come by, as they may: Now I hauing walked, (as I told you) through this vnpleaſant place: wearie at laſt, I laide me downe in the ditch of Diſtreſſe: where, finding many dead ſculles, and other boanes, I there thought to begin a ſleepe, or ſleepe my laſt, now lying there in ſuch ſort as I tell you, me thought in my ſleepe I ſighed, in which ſorrowe, a good motion of minde ſet my heart to prayer: which tended to this effect, that it would pleaſe, the mightie and mercifull Deitie of the moſt higheſt, to ſend me ſome meane, to lead me out of this miſerie: being as it were from my Wit, and altogether comfortleſſe. Now ſuddenly there appeared vnto me, an olde aged man, who ſtoke me by the hand, with theſe words: Ariſe thou ſloggiſh wanton walke no longer out of thy way, turne thee backe from this ſtraie paſſe, experience doth teach thee: what is will without wit? Prayer hath procured thee pardon, the high and onely God hath giuen the Grace by Grace, goe ſeeke: that is worth the finding: looke where wit is for him, and make much of him: With ioy of that word, I awaked, and with ſhame of my folly in leauing thee, I hung the head: with ſorrow whereof, I was almoſt of life depriued: but now by thy ſweete welcome, wholy reuiued: now awake (I ſhould ſay) I ſaw none but thee: and now while I liue, I will follow thee.

Wit. Why, was it heere you slept, or haue you come farre since you waked? will. No, no, heere did I sleepe, heere is the place of paine so vnpleasant: but now I see thee, I haue receiued comfort, for that I knowe thou canst leade me to Wisedome, who will soone shew me the way to Paradise. wit. Why then will, well hast thou slept, better hast thou dreamed, but best hast thou waked, to hit on me so happily, who intend to bring thee to that good beginning, that shall leade thee to endlesse blisse. But to quite thy tale, I will tell thee a little of my trauaile, and so we will away together.

Wits Tale.

WIll, Thou knowest when I left thee, in the lane of learning, I went on straight to the schole of Vertue, and with her Testimoniall, to the Well of Wisdome, which stands within the Pallace of Patience: where I found the Fountaine kept with foure Ladies, whose names were Wisedome, Temperance, Fortitude, and Iustice: now when I came thither with sufficient warning from Vertue: yet (for order take) they thus vsed me: Wisedome, which stood with a Snake in her hand (ouer whose head was written) I see the holes that subtill Serpents make, thus vsed her warie speech vnto me: Sirra (quoth she) how presume you into this place? frō whence came you, and how and whither will you? Lady, (quoth I) from Fancies Forte I came, and am now trauailing to the Forte of Fame: I came hold directly from the Schole of Vertue: brought thither by Learning, had by reason seruant to instruction: and heere behold Patience, who hath led me, who is further to pleade for me: Welcome (quoth she) but art thou not wearie: no (quoth I nor would be, if the walke had beene longer, to haue my will. Will. Why dost thou thinke me there abouts? oh Lord I was tar wide. Wit. Peace Will a while: when

I denide wearinesse: Yea (quoth Fortitude) another of the Dames (ouer whose head was written, I yeeld to good, but ouerthrow the ill.) I will see if you be weary or not, I must trie a fall with you. At first I made no account of her, but when I began, I found her of great force. Yet in the ende, shee was content to giue me ouer and let me come neare the Well. Now vpon the Well brinkes stode Iustice, ouer whose head was written: My hand hits right, Death is my stroke, my ballance will not lye. Then was my words written downe by Memorie, and weyed with Truth which being euen in iudgement, shee bad me welcome: and so was content to let me lay my lips to the sweet liequor of Sapience. Oh it is a delicate Water.

Now as I stode, I heard a Trumpet sound, which done, I heard a voice which said: What Trumpe can sounde the true report of Fame? Now desirous to see the place, whence I heard this sound, I craued the Ladies passport to the said place: who gaue me no other passport, then the commandement of Patience, warning me in any wise, to take hold of Time, when I met him: and turne him to my vse: with these two, I should come to the port afore me. I right glad of my good hap, toke leaue, and forth I went: anon I met Master Time, with sithe in his hand: singing, Saue Vertue, al things I cut downe, that stand within my way. But as he came working, I watcht him neare, and as he stroke aside, I suddenly stept to him, toke him by the noddle, and turnd him to my work. What wouldest thou (quoth hee) I must not stand idle: no (quoth I) thou shalt walke, and leade me to the Port of Fame. Come then (quoth he) goe away, softly (quoth Patience) content (quoth I) (and so together we go to this stately Court: where being first entertained by Courtly, we were brought to Fauour, and so led vp to Fame. Now being on knee before her highnesse, she first gaue me her hand to kisse: and willed the Lords to bid me welcome: see here (quoth she) the perfec-

tion

tion of affection, what a trouble he hath vndertaken onely for our fauour, which he shall be sure of. The Nobles vsed me honourably, the Gentlemen courteously, the Seruants reuerently, and Fauour friendly. Now as I stood, I heard such sweete Musick, such heauenly songs, it made my heart leape to heare them: The Prince did sing in praise of Peace, the Lords of Plenty, the Ladies of true Loue, the Lawiers of Quiet, the seruants of Lawe, the Merchaunts of Saying, and Saylers of faire weather, the Rich of Health, the Poore of Charitie, the Healthfull of good happe, and the happie of Gods blessing: there was no Vsurers, Dicers, Players, nor fighters heard of. Oh, there was a place of pleasure: if in the world there be a Paradice, that was it: Oh that thou hadest beene with me.

Will. So would I, but tell me, how came you againe? Wit. I will tell thee: When I had beene within, and without, and heard such sweete Hermony, of such singular Musicke: at last, I came downe into the base Court, led by Fauour, to a lodging, which was called the counting house: there sate Memorie, to take the names of such as had bin entertained, and meant to seeke fauour, at the hands of happie Fame. But as I was going through the Court, I met one of the Maides of Honour, attendant vpon the Princesse, whose name (*Fauour* told me) was Bellezza, accompanied with *Gentilezza*, an other of the Maides. Now as I was walking, I stared so earnestly on them, that (not looking to my feete) I stumbled against a stone, and with the fall I awaked: now awake, I thought of my good Will: and see how soone it was my happe to meete with thee: but no sooner then I wished for thee, nor then I am heartily glad of thee. Will Gramercy VVit. But yet I beshrewe thee. VVit. Why so? VVill. For losing me. VVit. Thou mightest haue followed. VVill. You might haue held me. VVit. When? VVill. When I was neere you. VVit. Where was that?

Will. Where you loſt me: But tell me one thing, where was it you ſlept, and awaked ſo ſodainly? What? was it heere about? wit. Yea, heere will, heere, heere is the Forte of Fame, as thou ſhalt finde, when thou haſt beene with me a while: there is no houſe, but hath a ſinke: no field ſo fayre, but hath a foule ditch: no place ſo pleaſant, but hath a corner of anoyance: he that runnes retchleſſly, falles headlong: and he that is in a hole, he knowes not how, muſt come out he knowes not when. Care is to be had in all things, at all times, and in all places: well, thou haſt knowne ſome ſorrow: learne to leane ſelfe-iudgement: follow friend, go with me. will. Why I would never have loſt thee, but. Wit. But that thou wert wearie of me. will. Why? I was not wearie, but. wit. No, but that you were a wanton. will. Why? I was not a wanton, but. wit. No, but that you were wilfull.

Will. Why? I was not wilfull but. wit. No, but that you thought better of your ſelfe then any elſe. wit. Why? but I did not thinke ſo, but. wit. Nay, you may ſay you would not have thought ſo, but.

Will. But what? or why? wit. But becauſe you did not ſee your ſelfe. will. Yea indeede, but I did: I did ſee my ſelfe and you too. wit. Indeede, but you did not; for if you had ſeene me, you would not ſo have loſt mee. Will. Yes, but I did ſee you, but when I had looked on you a while, I looked on my ſelfe ſo long, till you were out of ſight, and then I looked after you and could not ſee you. Wit. Well, but then you ſaw me not, and ſo you loſt mee: but ſince you now have found me, follow me neere, ſtay but a Buts length behinde mee, leaſt I ſodenly ſteppe a flights ſhotte before you, and then a furlong further, you never overtake me. will. But ſoft, runnes wit ſo faſt, will is weerie. wit. Coe too, throw off your clogge of care, truſt to me, ſo you do as I bid you, all ſhall be well. will. Yes, but. wit. But? What? will. But a little of your helpe. wit. Yes, but. will. But?

What? wit. But that you muſt of your ſelfe labour. will. So I will, but. wit. But not to much: well, contented, I will worke. Wilt thou helpe? VVill. Yea willingly. VVit. How long? will. Till death. wit. Why, wilt thou dye? Will. Not with working: yet will I worke ſore. wit. Wherefore? VVill. to winne my wiſh.

VVit. What is that? Will. You can tell. wit. But tell me. VVill. What? wit. Is it Fauour? VVill. That is one parte of it. VVit. Wealth? Will. An other parte. VVit. Honour? will. The greateſt next. VVit. Content. VVill. all in all. VVit. Where? VVill. In heart. VVit. How? VVill. By happe. Wit. How is that? VVill. By Hope? VVit. Oh, Hope is vaine. Will. Oh, do not diſcomfort me. VVit. Doubt the worſt. will. Wherefore? VVit. Becauſe I bid thee. VVill. Why do you bid me? Wit. For this reaſon: the beſt will helpe it ſelfe. VVill. What is the worſt? wit. Enuie. Will. What will hee doe? wit. Miſlike. will. To whome? wit. To good mindes. will. Howe ſhall I do then? wit. Let Patience vſe Prayer, God will preſerue his ſeruants.

Will. That I ſhall: Then it is not impoſſible? wit. What? will. To get Content? wit. It is hard.

Will. What then? vvit. Do our beſt. will. Content. Wit. But harke will: ſhall I tell thee a little more of the Fort of Fame, what I ſawe, and heard before I came away? Ouer the gate at the entrie, I ſawe written prettie Poſies, ſome in Latin, ſome in Italian, ſome French, and ſome Engliſh. In latine I remember theſe: *Quid tam difficile quod non ſolertia vincit?* By that was written, *Labore vertus*: And by that, *vertute Fama*: And ouer that, *Fama immortalis*: And that was written in many places about the houſe. In Italian was written, *Gioventù vecchezza*, by that, *Vecchezza Morte, et Morte Tempo, et tempo Fama*, but ouer all, *Sopra tutti triumpha Iddio*. In French, *Le ſol Fortune, il prudent Fame. Fame eſt divine, diuitie, eſt preticuſe, Dieu eſt noſtre guarde*. In Engliſh

was wittie. *Patience is a vertue. Vertue is famous, Fame is divine. Divinitie is gratious. Grace is the gift of God: And God is the onely giver of grace.* With by *Patience* lookes the *vertue* that is *Famous*, to the divine pleasure of the giver of all good gifts: Blessed be his name, this shall he find, that enters the Port of *Fame*.

Will. Oh sweete speeches: wit. Then will I tell thee further, as I walked by the downe with *Favour*, I heard *Courtesie* and *Content*, (a couple of Courtiers) discoursing of thee and me. Of the Vertues of wit, and the vanities of will.

Wit, they said, was desirous of knowledge, but will could take no paine: wit would have *Patience*, but will would be wood with anger: wit would worke, when will would stand idle: wit would be walking, when will would be slothfull: wit would call for willes helpe, when will cared not for wits counsaile: wit would be wise, and will would be wanton: wit would be Vertuous, and will vaine: wit would be Famous, and will foolish: wit would be sober, and will frantick: wit would be carefull, and Will careleese: Wit studying, and *Will* playing: *Wit* at good exercise, and *Will* idle, and worse occupied: *Wit* mourning for *Will*, *Will* making no mone for *Wit*: *Wit* in his dumps, and *Will* in delights: *Wit* would be well, and have will be no worse, if he would follow him. But *Will* would lose wit, and wit must worke without will, and against *Wit*: and yet this is strange, they were sworne Brethren, one could not be without the other. Yet *Wit* could make better shift alone; *Wit* could finde *Will* when he had lost himselfe, and *Will* (yet) would please wit well, when he would be a good boy: Which he would never be, till he were beaten, and that with the smart of his owne rod: then he would come home to wit, follow wit as his best friend, and never leave him to the last houre.

Now when I heard this discourse, I remembred this, and being able to tarrie no longer, the hearing of such matter, against him whom I love, I entreated *Favour* to bring

bring me forth into the Court, towardes the Countinghouse: whither walking, I stombled by the way, and fell as I told you: wherewith I awoke. Now good will, since I have found thee, and now thou seest the miseries of the world: come, follow me, let me bring thee to a better course: Let not me mourne for thee, nor other thus talke of thee: I will make much of thee, if thou will love me: I will make thee give them cause to say: see what a chaunge? will is come home, will is content to be ruled by wit: he workes with wit, he walkes with wit: he mournes and is merie with wit: he is travailing to Vertue with wit, he will finde Fame by wit: why he, will? he is as welcome as wit, as worthie as wit, now he hath learned of wit, how to direct his course: believe me will, I love thee.

Will. Gramercie good wit, and I thee: But tell me one thing? me thinks all this was but a Dreame, for in the ende you did awake with the fall. wit. True will, I was in a Dreame, and so wert thou: wil. Oh then you did heare me talke so much of me in your sleepe? Awake, I warrant you: you shall never heare so much amisse of me. Wit. I hope so too: now I have met with thee, I will shew thee a way, whereby thou shalt deserve no such discredit. Will. Gramercie. But shall I now tell thee, a little that I had forgotten, that I saw and heard in the Lake of Miserie? wit. Concented good will, and gramercie too.

Wil. Then wit thou shalt understand, I heard these speeches past among Penitent people: when wit is wayward, Wil is no body: twofold wit: blames wanton wil: wanton Wit, chides worthy wil: unhappy wit, haply wil: fantasticall Wit, forward will. Over that, wit thinkes scorne of will, but yet hee cannot bee without him: Wit hath lost will, but yet hee is glad to seeke him: wit mournes for will, but wit sees it not: Will travailes for the Stone, that Wit must whet himselfe vppon: Will is painefull, but wit unthankefull: Will is courteous, but wit curst:

Will sœne content, vvit tœ curious: will would be ruled, but vvit had no reason: will would haue béene famous, had wit béene Vertuous: will had bœne gœd, had not wit béene bad: will had not lost wit, had wit lœkt vnto him: will would dœ well, if wit would dœ better: wiill would learne, if wit would theach him: But will must worke without wit, and against wit: and yet it was wœnderfull that sworne Brethren should so disagrée, yet one so necessarie for the other in all actions, as nothing could hit well, when they were asunder, will could méete wit in a Maze, and comfort him with his company: will could bring wit into a gœd order, when he was quite out of course. wit would be glad of will: but when? when he found the want of his fréend, which he hould neuer dœ, till he were wearie of working alone: and then he would embrace will, make much of will, and neuer leaue will for any worlds gœd. Now when I heard so much of my gœd wit, I could not tarie any longer in the company, but from them I go, and by my selfe sate downe, where I slept, and awakt, as I told you.

Wit. Gramercie gœd will: Why then I perceiue we were both a sléepe, we lost one an other in trauaile, and trauailed in sléepe, to séeke one an other: which walking we haue found: happy be this day of our méeting, and twise happy houre of this our fréendly greeting: He runs farre, that eeuer turnes: hée turnes well, that stayes in time: and hée stayes well, that stands fast: he stands fast, that neuer falles, hée falles lowe, that neuer riseth, he riseth well, that stands alone when he is vp. God Will, well met, let vs now bee merrie, shake hands, sweare company, and neuer part. wit. Content, héere is my hand, my heart is thine. But ere we goe any further, let vs be a little merry. will. What shall we do? wit. Let vs sing. will. Content. But what? wit. What you will, begin and I will answere you.

# of VVit.

A Song betweene VVit and *VVill.*

VVit. What art thou will? W. A babe of natures broode.
Wit. Who was thy ſyre? W. ſweet Luſt, as Louers ſay:
Wit. Thy mother who? w. wilde luſtie wanton blood.
Wit. VVhen wert thou borne? w. In merrie moneth of May
Wit. And where brought vp? W. In ſchoole of little skill.
VVit. VVhat learndſt thou there? W. Loue is my leſſon ſtill

Wit. Where readſt thou that? W. in lines of ſweet delight.
Wit. The Author who? w. Deſire did draw the Booke.
Wit, who teacheth? w. Time. w. what order? w. Louers right
Wit. whats that? w. To catch Content, by hooke or crooke.
Wit. where keeps he ſchoole? w. In wilderneſſe of woe.
Wit. why liues he there? w. The Fates appoint it ſo.

Wit. VVhy did they ſo? w. It was their ſecret will.
Wit. what was their will? w. to worke fond Louers woe.
Wit. what was their woe? w. By ſpite their ſport to ſpill.
VVit. what was their ſport? w. Dame nature beſt doth know.
VVit. How grow their ſpite? w. by wãt of wiſh. wit, whats that?
VVit, wit knowes right well, will may not tell thee what.

VVit. Then will adue. w. Yet ſtand me in ſome ſteed.
VVit. wherewith ſweete will? w. Alas, by thine aduiſe.
VVit. whereto good will? w. To win my wiſh with ſpeed.
VVit. I know not how. w. Oh Lord that will were wiſe.
VVit. wouldſt thou be wiſe? w. Ful fain, then come from ſchoo
Take this of wit: Loue learnes to play the foole.

VVill. Content, I will come from schoole, I wil giue ouer *Artem Amandi*, & I will with thee to some more worthie study, which may be as well to my commoditie, comfort, as content. *Wit.* Well said *Will*, now I like thee well: and therefore, now I will do my best to worke thy delight. But for that now I haue a peece of worke in hand, which none must be priuie too, till it be finished, we will heere leaue off talke, and fall to our worke together, so shall I the sooner and the better dispatch it.

Will. Content. You shall haue my helpe in it, or any other thing, wherein I may stand you in steed: And since you are so glad of my company, we will liue and die togither. *Wit.* Gramercie good *will*: and meane time let vs pray God to prosper our worke: let vs haue care how wee worke: what, when and where we worke, that we may find it commodious, not contrarie to Gods will, contentiue to the best, offensiue to fewe or none, let the matter be Vertuous, so shall he proue famous. *Will.* Good *Wit* I thanke thee for thy good counsaile. God giue vs his grace to doo so. I am glad to see thee so well bent: now I must needes loue thee: thou wert neuer wont to be so well minded. *VVit.* Better late then neuer: it is good to be honest, though a man had forsworne it: there is no time too late to thriue. *Will.* True: and I promise thee now, I hope I shall doo well by the comfortable counsaile of so good a friend. God be thanked, the old vaine is gone, *Stet pro ratione voluntas, Sum Iuuenis fruar hoc mundo, Sed nex colam pietatem, Omnia vincit amor.* Faint hart neuer woon faire Lady: Let vs be merrie while we are here: Whē we are gone, all the world goes with vs: Let thē take care that come after: A man is a man, if he haue but a hose on his head. *Oh che bella donna? fauor della Signora, oh dolce amore, La Sennora et spada, senza estos nada, Per le Amor de dieu: Beau damoiselle: oh braue huom Che gallante cheual? Il faut auoire come?* That makes no better, then sweetes had no sower: but now *VVit*, Oh *VVill*, doest thou

remember all this: I pray thee forget all, and think no more of such things. I am sorie that ever they were in my heart, but now thou shalt see we will do well inough: we will take an other way, to both our comforts. We will to Care, and intreate him, to lend vs his helpe, for without him, indeed we shall make an vnhonoured ende, of what we begin vntowardly. I promise thee, I heard the prettiest Song betwixt him and Miserie, that I heard a good while: if thou wilt set it downe in writting, I will recite it vnto thee. will. Contented, right willingly, and thanke thee too. VVit. Then loe thus it was.

The Song betweene Miserie and Care.

M. WHat art thou care? *A secret skil vnseene.* (*what*
M. *Who was thy syre?* C. *sound wisedome.* M. *Mother*
C. *Denise.* M. *And who thy Nurse?* C. *Delight I weene.*
M. *when wert thou borne?* C. *In harnest.* M. *what to do?*
C. *To worke.* M *with whom?* C. *with wit and honest will.*
M. *what worke?* C. *In graine, to gleane the good from ill.*

M. *VVhat good?* C. *The best.* M. *And how?* C. *by warie eye;*
M. *whose eye is that?* C. *The eye of perfect sight:*
M. *who beares that eye?* C. *The head that hath me nie.*
M. *whose head is that?* C. *Eachone that loues delight.*
M. *But what delight?* C. *That longest doth endure,*
M. *Oh Care.* C. *I come, thy comfort to procure.*

M. *VVhence dost thou come?* C. *I come from loftie Skie,*
M. *when camst thou thence?* C. *Euen now.* M. *who sent thee so?*
C. *The Gods.* M. *wherefore?* C. *To comfort Miserie:*
M. *But how?* C. *By wit to worke his ease of wo.*
M. *what wot?* C. *The worst.* M. *whats that?* C. *The griefe of*
M. *Oh.* C. *Feare not, Care wil quickly cõfort find.* (*mind.*

Wherein

The Will

Beleeue me, I like it well: But is Care so comfortable? Yea, indeede is it. Care is both a Corsie and a comfort, all is in the vse of it. Care is such a thing, as hath great aboe in all things: why Care is a king in his kind. Did you neuer heare my discourse of Care in Verse?

Will. No that I remember: if it be not long I pray you rehearse it. And for my better remembrance, henceforth I will write it. Wit. Then giue eare, thus it was.

The Song of Care.

Come all the world, submit your selues to Care,
And him acknowledge for your chiefest King:
With whom no King, or Keisar may compare,
Who beares so great a sway in euery thing.
At home, abroad, in Peace, and eke in warre:
Care chiefly stands, to either make or marre.

The Court he keepes, is in a wise conceit,
His house a head, where reason rules the wit:
His seate the heart that hateth all deceit,
His bed, the braine, that feeles no frantick fit.
His diet is the Cates of sweete content.
Thus is his life, in heauenly pleasure sent.

His Kingdome is, the whole world round about,
Sorrow his sword, to such as do rebell:
His counsaile, wisedome, that decide each doubt,
His skill, foresight, of things to come, to tell.
His chiefe delight, is studies of deuise,
To keepe his Subiects out of miseries.

Oh

Of Wit.

Oh courteous King, oh high and mightie Care,
What shall I write in honour of thy name?
But to the world, by due desert declare
Thy royall state, and thy immortall Fame.
Then so I end, as I at first begun,
Care is the King of Kings, when all is done.

FINIS.

WIll. Surely, I never heard so much of *Care* before: but Reason hath shewed me, all is true that you have spoken of him. And therefore let us humbly crave his helpe in this our worke, which we are to take in hand, I dare warrant his favour. *Wit.* Sayest thou so *Will?* then let us goe: Time trudgeth away, we have talked long: Mountaines never meete, but friends often; good happe comes oft unlookt for, but never unwelcome. I thought not to have found thee here, but we see Fortune doth much, but Fates more, to bring friends together: and friendship doth much, where faith is fixed: And faith is a Jewell, and Jewells are precious, and precious is for Princes.

Oh God, tell me *Wil*, we must be warie to worke so with advise of *Care* that as we are friends one to another, so we may prove in all actions to shew our cheefest Jewell, our faithfull heart to God and her Maiestie: To whom might we once be so happie, as to present a peece of worke worthy the receit: oh how glad should then our harts be, which with faithfull dutie would adventure death for her most excellent favour: which till by desert we find, alwaies let us love and honour our singular good Lord, that hath vouchsafed us his undeserved favour: and let us heartily pray for the preservation of her most excellent Maiestie, with

long

long and prosperous raingo ouer vs: as for the advancement of his honours estate, who by his vertues deserues, and by deserts hath found fauour of her Highnes, loue of her Peers, honour of vs, and a number our betters. And so let vs away into my Closet of Conceit, where from company we will thinke vpon such matters, as here we will not talke on. Will. Content. We will go together, studie thou, and I will make my pen, readie at thine, or his Honors commandement. And thus till we haue dispatcht our worke in hand, let vs take our leaue humbly of our good Lord, and courteously of all our friends: Wishing them to imploy their studies to the pleasure of God, content of the best sorte, profit of themselues, and good example to others: and so *Baciando le mani del Signore*, let vs bid them all *Adieu*. From our heart, this 11. of *February*.

1606.

Ingenij voluntas.

The Authors Dreame,

of ſtrange effects, as fol-
loweth.

NOT many daies ſince, it was my hap to trauaile, not farre hence, into a Countrey, called the Iland of *Inuention*: where I met with many of mine acquaintance, as well friendes as foes. Now my foes beganne to flatter me, and my friendes as faſt to frowne on me: My friendes were Wit and *Reaſon*, *Wiſedome* and *Care*, *Wealth* and *Content*: My foes were *Will* and *Rage*, *Folly* and *Rechleſneſſe*, *Woe*, and *Diſcontent*: now there were other, betwixt friendes and foes, that ſtoode looking at me, with a ſtrange countenance: as who ſhould ſay, wilt thou, or wilt thou not? theſe were *Fancie*, *Loue*, *Frenzie*, and *Patience*. Now there were two Ladies, that ſate in ſuch a ſtate, that I had much adoe to looke vp to them, theſe were *Vertue* & *Fame*: Now below there were two Spirits, which I was vilely afraide off, the one was pide, of all colours, and the other as blacke as a Coale: the coloured was *Vanitie*, and the other *Infamie*.

Now as I lookt about me, I remembred my firſt words were theſe, God bleſſe me from Spirites, And then looking vpwardes, I wiſht to God, I could climbe vp to the two Ladies.

The Authors

But ſoft a while, there is more in it then ſo, more ſteppes in a Ladder then one, and more ſticks then one to the making of the ſteppes. Soft fire makes ſweete Mault. *Non cuiuis attingit adire Corinthum:* The Court is not for common perſons, let Beggers ſtand at Gates I am but a poore traveller, I muſt acquainte my ſelfe with' meane men before I ſeeme to looke ſo high, let me go ſpeak with my friends: But what meane my foes thus to bid me with courteſie? what? would they be friends with me? But let me ſee who is he that frownes on me, while I am looking on my foes? Oh it is my friend Wit: let me go to him, and learne the cauſe of his choller.

Why art thou angrie good wit? will it ſtand at my commaund, if thou thinkeſt well of thy friend, leave thoſe frowning lookes, that will ſome bring me out of love with thee. What (quoth *Reaſon*) remember who is thy friend: haſt thou forgotten what I have told thee? what is Wit without Wit? yes, (quoth I) and what is Wit without *Reaſon*? Oh (quoth *wiſedome*) colde wordes, *wiſedome* ſhowes, wit cannot want Reaſon: yea, but (quoth I) where is wiſedome? Oh (quoth Care) come to me and I will tell thee: tuſh (quoth I) what is Care without wealth? Oh yes (quoth *Wealth*) Content is ſufficient riches. Yea marrie (quoth I) but where is that? Tuſh (quoth Fancie) come away and go with mee: Come, thou haſt beene from me a greate whyle: Wit is become a ſworne brother to Reaſon, and they two are ſeruants to wiſedome. Wiſdome, he is conſulted with Care, to hunt after wealth, and *Wealth* forſooth muſt winne *Content*. Oh it were a trim life to take in hand to follow theſe fellowes. Come go, ſoft (quoth I) I have bene fantaſticall inough already: The (quoth Fancie) looke where Loue is: tuſh (quoth I) my heart is done.

What wilt thou go with me (quoth Frenzie?) no (quoth I) I would I were further from thee. Then (quoth Patience)

tience) I truſt you and I ſhall be friends yet: no (quoth I) for I am ſure thou never canſt to me for any good.

With that *Fancie* turned her face, *Love* lookt another way, *Frenzie* fomed at the mouth like a Boare, & *Patience* lookt like a poore companion. Now came my foes neare me, *Will* he comes ſwearing, that *Wit* was ſo wayward, that no bodie could abide him. *Rage* her ſworn, *Reaſon* was ſo wonderfull, as he knew not what to make of him. *Folly* he bade fie upon *Wiſedome*: why, no bodie could talke with him for *Care*. And *Retchleſneſſe* ſware, *Care* was ſo covetous for his Conſcience to meddle withall. *Woe* cried out upon *Wealth*, ſaying: it was the trash that he was wearie of, and had brought him to that paſſe, by penitence of ſo much eſtimation of it. *Diſcontent*, her told me that *Content* was but a ſlincher, he would never abide with any man long, and he would be my companion during life, if I would.

Now was I in ſuch a maze, with muſing what to do, that I was, and I was not: I could not tell where, nor what I was: yet with much adoe, I made them all this anſwere. *Will*, thou knowſt I have tried thee a wanton, therefore no more wordes, if thou wilt followe mee doe, otherwiſe farewell. *Rage*, thou art not ignorant of thy unruly rudeneſſe, therefore runne after mee if thou wilt, for elſe I will gladly reſt without thee. *Folhe*, thou dreſt ſo much followe *Fancie*, that thou hadſt almoſt undone me: I am afrayde of thee, therefore come behind me if thou wilt, for followe thee I will not, except thou ſtreppe afore me backwards, and that unwillingly. *Retchleſneſſe*, dareſt thou remember what thou haſt loſt me? go looke a Companion, lie alone, for I like thee not. *Woe*, dareſt thou not knowe howe often thou haſt made me weepe? then go water others mens chekes, mine eyes are wet enough alreadie. And *Diſcontent*, thou haſt done mee ſuch deſpite, that I can never delight in thee: therefore

depart, for I will never bid their welcome.

My freendes that frowned on me, now hearing these answeres to these customers, came a little neere me.

First (quoth wit,) how now? shall friends be foes? Wilt thou no more of my company? Yes (quoth I) if I wist to what purpose. Why (quoth he) I will bring thee to Reason: What to do quoth I? my, (quoth wit) aske him that: Well (quoth I) Content: So when Reason had espied vs, he became somewhat merily to looke vpon me: What (quoth he) hast thou lost *Will* and found *Wit*? now I see we shall be friendes againe. Yea, but (quoth I) what wilt thou do now for me? Why (quoth he) I will bring thee to *Wisedome*: To what end (quoth I) he shall soone shew thee (quoth he) such sufficient good, as thou shalt be glad of.

Wisedome with graue countenance, thus sainted me. Olde friend, hast thou left *will* with Rage? and followed *Wit* with Reason? welcome. Come let vs goe to Care: For what cause (quoth I?) of him thou shalt quickly knowe (quoth he) to thy Comfort. Moue being come to Care: Oh olde acquaintance (quoth hee) What is *Wit*, Rage, Folly, and Rechlesnes, gone together? and art thou come with *Wit*, Reason, and wisdome? twise welcome. Come let vs walke to wealth: Wherefore (quoth I?) Thou shalt knowe that anon (quoth he) when thou comst to him: When wealth saw me (*Benedicite*, quoth he) is wilfull Rage, left with Foolish Rechlenesse, and woe, worne out? Welcome friende, looke who is heere? Who (quoth I) and with that I spyed Content: Who thus sainted me: My good friende, nowe better welcome then euer. I like it well, that thou wilt rather seeke to recouer thine olde freendes, then to runne after newe. Keepe still with Care, and Wisdome will so perswade thy wit with Reason, that thou shalt finde me alwaies at an inch with thee. Marry, as *Wit* is

ruled

ruled by Reason, Reason by Wisdome, Wisdome kept by Care, and Care hath onely Content at commaundement: so must thou, now thou hast founde us out, vse vs in our kinde, which if thou art desirous to learne, thou must intreate with wit, by Reason, to demaunde of wisdome: of whom thou shalt knowe more then I can tell thée, and so welcome, I haue no more to say vnto thée. I glad of this their frendly greeting, went first to Wit: By god wit (quoth I) thou knowest how long I haue longed for Content, how long I haue sought him, and could neuer finde him: and now hauing found him, I am to craue thy counsaile how to vse him.

Alas (quoth Will) I am heartily gladde of thy good minde: come, we will to Reason, for without him, I am no body. Reason presently perswaded with me, that it was his dutie, to demaunde Counsaile of wisdome. Neuer when we came to wisdome, he saide he would talke a little with Care, and giue me answere.

Which attending a while, at last, thus it was: my frend (quoth he) Content is to be vsed as he is taken: if by the eye, let the head lodge him a while, before he come to the hearte. When he is in the heade, lette Wit weye what he is, let Reason runne him ouer, and lette me with Care haue the considering of him: If we like well of him, lette him sit neuer thy hearte: But if either Wit or Reason thinke him not worthie the bringing to me, Quoth I, when I haue considered of him, thinke him not worthie the keeping: as by the eye you founde him, so by the eye lose him. But how soeuer you finde him, loue him moderately: Least with to much you be wearie, or to little you cannot knowe him. If you finde him by Conceit, wit will soone knowe what he is.

Then

When *Reason* having talkt with him, I shall leave with *Care* to consider of him, as thou shalt not tarrie long for knowledge how to vse him: If by *Wit* and Reason both thou hast him, it will bee but little worke to bring him to me. When I and *Care* haue considered of him, thou shalt not doupt how to vse him: If by mee thou canst by him, *Care* will tell thee, thou canst neuer make to much of him: And as wee now and then giue him leaue to bee abroade in the worlde a while, so must thou giue him leaue to be lacking a while, thou shalt by our helpe finde him againe well enough. God speed (quoth I) your will be done. Then (quoth he) I will tell thee what, there are three Companions that hee doth often kéepe companie withall. Whose names are these? *Fancie*, *Loue*, and *Patience*. Now sometimes we let him among them, and let him alone, to see what they will do with him: Nowe sometime when they haue had him a while, they would lead him away to *Folly*, *Recklesnesse*, and those fellowes, which when we see, then we fetch him home, and lette them alone with *Discontent*. Whome when they are wearie of, then they leaue him, and come to craue his companie againe: Which for a time we grant them.

But what dost thou looke vp at so? Oh sir, it is at the two heauenly Ladies, how might a man come to knowe them, and to do them seruice? I will tell thee; one is *Vertue*, and the other *Fame*. Now the way to them is this, thou must goe along by *Fancie*, slippe along by *Loue*, slippe away by *Frenzie*, and shake *Patience* by the fist: beholde, *Content* is with *Fancie* before thee, take *Wit* and *Reason* with thee, I with *Care*, will not be farre from thee, and by our helpe shall the Ladies entertaine thee. Nowe, hast may hinder thee, and slouth may set thee behinde hand: Looke where the Spirites be, take heede least they catch holde of thee, and then all we leaue thee: and then bee sure the Ladies will euer disdaine thee: nowe

follow

follow my counsaile, and God speede thée. Thus with humble thanks vnto *wisdome*, I tooke *Wit*, and *Reason*, and set forth toward *Fancie*: Sir (quoth thée) whither walke you? Friend (quoth *Wit*,) tell her whither *Wit* and *Reason* shall carrie me with *Content* from *Fancie*. Lorde at this aunswere how shée scould: Canst thou not passe by mée (quoth shée) but thou must robbe me of my *Content*? Well, thou must aske *Loue* leaue, yet ere he goe, and if he will let him goe, take him to thée, and away shée flung to *Follie*: Now as I came by *Loue*, friend (quoth shée) whither now? let vs haue a little talke with you. Nay (quoth *Wit*) your Tale will bée too long, I cannot tarrie: I am going whither Carefull *Wisedome*, wilde *Wit* and *Reason*, to leade me, with *Content* from *Loue*. Oh how he frowned, what (quoth hée) wilt thou not leaue me my *Content*? Well, *Patience* hath a part in him. Sée what shée will say to thée, since I cannot kéepe him: so away hée ranne to *Rage*, and so I lost him. Now must I come by *Frenzie*, who lookt on me so terribly, that without giuing eare to his speeches, I fetched a leape, almost from *VVit* and *Reason* too, but thanked bée God: when I came to *Patience*, I found them both againe. How now (quoth she) whither will you? Tell her (quoth *Wit*) whither *wisedome* with *Care*, hath commanded *Wit* with *Reason* to take *Content* from *Patience*, and so to accompanie me til I returne againe. Alas (quoth *Patience*) *Vltra posse non est esse*. I can not hold him, thou must haue him: and so heauily she went to wofull *Discontent*, with whom shée abode, til our returne againe. Now was I in most daunger: wée must passe along by the Spirits, whome as I came by with *Content* in hand, they snatcht and caught at vs. When *wit* and *Reason* by careful *VVisedomes* warning, kept vs aloofe from their fingers: Then when they sawe they could not catch vs, Lord what meanes they made

to allure vs. *Vanitie* had a Vision of loues, which so pleased mine eye, that *Wit* and *Reason* had much a doo to hold me from her: she would shewe me such gallant inchaunted Glasses, and in them such sweete Ladies, such heauenly faces, and such singular bodies, with such excellēt Graces, that if I had had *Fancie* with me, shee had bene fast for starting: if *Loue*, he had bene luckie: if *Frenzie*, he had bene in his kinde: if *Patience*, shee would haue forgot her selfe. I may tell you, that *Wit* and *Reason* had neuer so much in their lines to doo, to keepe *Content* and me from them: But carefull *Wiseacre* may doo much.

Now when *Beautie* could doo nothing, then did she fill out delicate Wines into artificiall Glasses, and set dainties Ionkets, to moue me to that vaine delight. But my stomacke was full, what could I wish more then *Content*? When this would doo no good with me, then brought shee forth a sight of gallant boyes, their heads full of Feathers: Tush, *Content* could go on foote, then thought shee, now or neuer: Oh shee had a Citterne, on which she plaide me a fine peece of *Italian* Musick, and sung, *The Compradi Mutionne*. Tush, I was not then fasting, and therefore I cared not for her flesh.

Then did she open a precise Chest, out of which shee drew out rich Iewels, rare Pearles, precious Stones: and after them, Silks of all colours, fine Ribbons, Cotwoyne Ruffes, Strings, Laces, Purses, Points, Pinnes, Gloues, and a thousand things, with what doo you lacke Syr? None of these (quoth *Wit*) *Reason* would be gone.

Now suddenly began the blacke Spirite to sound his Trumpet: but Lord what an vnpleasant noise it made? Now it was time, for I began to be afraide, which *Wit* and *Reason* seeing, comforted me with *Content*, of hope

hope to ſée the end of my happie iourney.

Now when I was paſt them, I aſkt of *Vſe* what they were? Why, (quoth he) we ſhall heare by and by. *Knowledge* here before, keepes the key of *Vertues* gates, he will tell vs.

Now when we came to him, he told me, the one was a Pyper, and the other a Pedler: Now *Knowledge* not ignorant of my trauaile, nor my guides, brought vs all before the the two Ladies, *Vertue* and *Fame*. Before whome we fell on knée: and firſt to *Vertue*, beſeeching fauour: ſhe demaunded of *Knowledge*, what and whence we were? who reported no other then truth: and ſhe conſidering the friends that ſent vs, her chiefe Counſellours, and *Vſe* and *Reaſon* their chiefe Seruants, badde *Content* be of good cheére, he ſhould receiue Courteſie: ſo in ſhort, ſhe did vouchſafe vs her fauour: Now was I become ſeruant to *Vertue*.

But (quoth ſhe) for mine elder ſiſter *Fame*, fauour you may haue promiſe of, but not entertainement, vntill you haue fulfilled certaine of my commaundements.

Which are theſe heare them: let *Vſe* note them: *Reaſon* remember, and *Vviſedome* take care, to ſée thée execute them. The firſt is, when you paſſe by *Vanitie*, tell her you are ſworne to *Vertue*. And ere you go, ſweare to ſhunne *Vanitie*, and eſchew her Vices: Looke in her Glaſſes, but looſe not her painted faces: Come not on the backe of her pampered Palfreyes, and giue a puffe at her ſwiſh Feathers: Delight not in her Glaſſes: Drinke not of her Wine, nor féede of her Dainties: ſtoppe thine eares from her ſléeting Muſicke, and cloſe thine eyes from her Trumperies: Shake the head at the ſhamefull ſound of Infamie, and ſo paſſe that ieopardie.

Paſſe alõg by *Patience*, with pleaſure, flie by *Frenzie* with

feare loke away from *Lone*, with loyaltie to *Vertue*, frowne on *Fancie*, with fidelitie to *Fame*: Make much of *VVit*, and lone *Reason*, honour *VVisedome*, by carefull wisdome seeke *wealth* sufficient, let *wealth* not make thee Coueteus, least that thou lose *Content*: This is the sum of my Will, which as *VVisedome* writes me word, his sees with *Care* performed: at your returne I promise you preferment to *Fame*, and thus fare you well.

Thus backe againe went I, through all the perilous passages that I had gone through before. Now first I must passe by the two Spirites, which as I came by, the pied Spirit, first began thus to play the Deuill with me, shee helde me out a Glasse, wherein shee did liuely showe me such entising toyes, as would haue made a man that had any life in him to haue look towards them.

First, she shewed me a troupe of fare Ladies, euerie one her Louer, colling and kissing, chirming and embracing, and looking Babies in one anothers eyes: Anon they were set downe, euery Lady with her Louer hard by her, with his heade in her lap, and his hand in her purse. By them a sight of swarte Soules, sitting by a Candle, catching of Fleas.

There were other sights of more effect then all these, to set a young mans heart on fire: but let them all go, when I wisht my selfe a Louer: what? (quoth *Reason* Loue hath no Reason would'st thou lone me, when I wisht my selfe a Flea? Why (quoth *VVit*) wilt thou be a Beast? want *Reason*, and be subiect to euery sluttes fingers? then I had done. When I wisht my selfe somewhat else, not to be named: I must rule you (quoth *Reason*) else I see you would quickly runne to ruine.

Now when *Vanitie* saw she could do nothing with me this way, she beganne to vse Villanie with me, come slaue (quoth shee) dost thou thinke scorne to looke towards her, whome Princes do so dearely account of? then

out

art my ſlaue, and darſt thou denie mée ſeruice? Yea (quoth I, I dare and doe denie thee, I am ſworne ſeruant to *Vertue*. Therefore a point for thee, and thy Villanies: Doeſt thou challenge mee for a ſeruant, that doe ſcorne thy flatterie, prate to Patches, when thou findeſt a ſole for thy diet, féede him with a diſhe of Diddledomes, for I haue done with thée: if euer I ſerued thée, I am ſorie for it, and ſince my wages was but loſt, I meane to liue no longer by it. As *Wil* brought mee to thée, ſo hath *Wit* by *Reaſon* brought me from you both.

At theſe words her Cake was doune, thée hung the head, her Trumpetter ſounded *Tout eſt Moore*: thus I paſt the firſt perrill. Now muſt I come by *Patience*, who ſate with *Diſcontent*, whome I oneliе ſmiled on, as I went by, to ſée her ſimplicitie: Promiſe (quoth thée) let mée haue my *Content*: Tell her (quoth *Wit*) *Reaſon* ſayes, enemies are to néere: ſend away *Diſcontent*, and as *Wiſedome* alloweſ of it, you ſhall heare more of him: Till then, perforce *Patience* be ſtill, and ſo Adieu: She anſwered nothing, but putting finger in the eye, let mée paſſe.

Then came I by *Frenzie*, whoſe madde countenance ſo amazed me, as that neiue it was no boote, to bidde me leape lightly, till I were beyond him: For *Wit* tolde mee before, that *Frenzie* was an enemie to *Reaſon*. Then ſcaping his clutches, I muſt come by *Loue*: neiue began I to loke away, as it were ouer the ſhoulder, towards my Miſtreſſe, who had commanded mée to take héede of looking towardes *Loue*. Yet did I heare him vtter theſe ſpeeches: Is *Wit* and *Reaſon* not ſufficient to deale with *Loue*? Why? Art thou afrayde to loke? Why *Cupid* will not ſtrike thée blinde: Tuſh (quoth *Wit*) tell him, *Reaſon* ſayes, *Loue* is to lothſe for *Reaſon* to rule: and *Wit* to weake when *Reaſon* muſt yéeld. I would bée loath to venter mine eye ſight. At this anſwer, *Loue*

with *Rage* kept ſuch a Reakes, that I thought they would haue gone mad together. Well, thus leauing them not farre from *Frenzie*, I muſt paſſe by *Fancie*: whome I frowned on ſo, that ſhee had little minde to flatter mee, and therefore bitterly ſhee aſkt mee: what? friend are you angrie with mee? and wherefore? For that (quoth I) thou art a blocke in my waye to *Fame*: I would (quoth ſhee) *Fancie* were no bodie. Yes (quoth *Wit*) tell her, *Reaſon* doth admitte her one with *Loue*, but not with *Wiſedome*, and ſo bidde her farewell. Thus thanked bee God, I had well ouergone this companie, and with *Wit* and *Reaſon*, I brought my *Content* to *Wiſedome*. To whome when I had deliuered my meſſage from *Vertue*, Well (quoth ſhe) nowe ſhalt thou once paſſe backe againe, through this companie, and then thou ſhalt haue entertainement of thy deſired Ladie. My ſelfe will ſo accompanie thee, that though great will bee thy danger, yet little ſhall bee thy harme, and eaſie thy paſſage.

Nowe thou haſt paſſed hitherto with *Wit* and *Reaſon*, I will this giue thee to vnderſtand, that I haue a Friende and a Seruant, both of one name: My friende is *Reaſon*, and ſo doe I call my ſeruant: My Friend is *Reaſon*, giuen mee by Diuine Grace, who helpes mee to ſee howe high the power of God is, aboue the greateſt Potentate vppon the Earth: how much naturall Reaſon is ſubiect to Diuine Iudgement, by the duetie that *Nature* doth owe vnto her Creator.

Nowe as thou goeſt by *Fancie*, perhappes ſhee will get helpe by Naturall *Reaſon*, to bring her to thy Bowe: But I will bee by thee, to keepe thee from her bent. So will *Loue* vſe *Reaſon*, to bring thee to his Lure, but let mee alone to keepe thee from his lewdeneſſe: *Frenzie* there is no talking with, let vs flie him ſpeedilie. *Patience* will perſwade thee with *Reaſon*, but I will pleade with her ſo for thee, that thou ſhalt paſſe her well enough.

Now

Now if *Vanatie* get *Reason*, wée shall doo ill inough with her: yet will I finde her Vaine so, as that if I lette her bloud, I will strike her so dead, as that shée shall haue no stomacke to striue longer with vs: nor *Infamie* for sorrow haue power to sound his Trumpet.

And therefore now reioyce, that though thou hast long runne astray, yet that now at last, thou hast hit on a happie way: well time trudgeth away, thou wouldest fain be gon, and I would as faine preferre my seruants, therefore let vs be going.

Now, anon wee came to *Fancie*, who had gotten *wit* and *Reason*: and as soone as shee had espied me, Friend (quoth she) welcome, better late then neuer. Now I trust wee shall not part so soone as we haue done. Yes, (quoth I) for any thing that I can see: what shall I doo with thée? what (quoth shee) wilt thou not yeelde to *Reason*? Yes (quoth I) so *wisedome* will me. Why (quoth *Reason*) am not I seruant to *Wisedome*? Yes, (quoth I) so is *Wisedome* thy Maister. And (quoth hee) hath not my Maister sent mée hither to tell thee, that there is no man but must yéeld to his Fancie? Tell him (quoth *wisedome*) where Grace doth gouerne, *Fancie* must obey. Yea, but (quoth *Reason*) *Nature* followes *Fancie*. Yea, but tell him (quoth *wisedome*, Diuine Grace bridles *Nature*, Yea, but (quoth *Reason*,) *Nature* will haue her course. Tell him (quoth *wisedome*, with leaue of Diuine power, else not. Why then (quoth *Reason*, shall *Fancie* bée nothing? Yes (quoth I, with Naturall Reason, but not with Diuine Iudgement? Why then (quoth *Reason*) what doe I with her? Tell him (quoth *wisedome*, helpe her to Cosin Fooles, and so farewell.

Nowe, *Loue* wee must passe by, who thus saluted mée, Why, now I trust wée shall be friends, for all our falling out. Not a whit (quoth I) I haue done with *Loue*: Gramercie, I will no more of thy companie.

What?

What? (quoth *Loue*) wilt thou not be ruled by *Reaſon*? Yes (quoth I) ſo he be not ruled by *Nature*. Why (quoth he) wilt thou not allowe *Reaſon* to yeilde to *Nature*? yes (quoth I) Naturall Reaſon: and (quoth he) wilt thou take *Reaſon* for no bodie? yes (quoth I) when I am without *Wiſdome*: and when you are with him, what do you thinke him? a line to leade a fole to *Loue*, and a teſt for *Wiſedome* to laugh at. Then (quoth he) I ſee thou art out of liking with *Loue*, or out of loue with mee. With both (quoth I) but with thee neuer ſo much, as when thou wouldeſt bring mee in liking with *Loue*: therefore leaue thy illuſions, for I like neither them, thee, nor thy Loue, farewell. Nowe was hee skipt from *Frenzie*, and got to *Patience*, with whome (when we had eſcaped *Frenzie*,) wee found ſitting together. Nowe (quoth *Patience*) at laſt I truſt (though long firſt) we ſhall bee friends. Come let vs liue together: Soft (quoth I) no haſte but good. I remember an *Italian* Prouerbe: *Paciencia e coſa de Poltrone. Patience is the patterne of a Peaſant.* Peace (quoth *Reaſon*) you will not be againſt mee, will you? yes (quoth I) if I like you not. Why (quoth hee) doth not *Reaſon* affirme *Patience* a remedie in all perplexities? a remedie (quoth I?) no: ſhee is a reſt betwixt *Rage* and *Reaſon*, in a diſcontented minde: Why (quoth hee) is ſhee not a *Vertue*? Not (quoth I) as thou canſt conſider her.

Why (quoth hee) doth ſhee not ſet the Diſcontented minde at quyet? No (quoth I) but ſhee makes the minde that would eaſe the Bodie, with outward Rage, kill the heart with inward fretting. No (quoth hee) *Patience* is a *Content*. Yea, (quoth I) with a *Diſcontent*. What? quoth hee) will you admitte her no bodie? yea (quoth *Wiſedome*) with Naturall *Reaſon*, but with Wiſedome a forced Content, in effect, an vnwelcome Reſt to a wofull minde, a Vertue amiſſe conceyued, yet better ſo taken, then refuſed for *Rage*: but when bad is the beſt, let both a-

lone,

loue. Thus *Wisdome* names her a Vertue, that waites on Villanies, and such a Vertue, as the vertuous mind doth not loue to trouble it selfe withal. Ar. v. I haue no more to say to thee, nor will I haue to do with thee. Well now was our first passage past ouer: Now must we passe by *Vanitie*: there was a peece of worke.

Now forth began *Vanitie* to reach out her hand: Friend (quoth she) welcome. I thought I had left thee: Soft (quoth I) hard of, triumph not before the victorie. Why? (quoth she) shall not *Reason* stay thee? No (quoth *Wisedome*) tell her, not when I see him so neare *Vanitie*. Why? (quoth *Reason*) is not the beautie of Ladies, the brauerie of Apparell, the sweete sound of Musicke, the pleasant taste of Wines, and delicate Dainties, the gallant shewe of stamping Steeds, with flaunting Feathers, rich Iewels, and such like, sufficient to perswade thee to keepe vs company? Then art thou obstinate I thinke: No (quoth I) I see a sentence ouer your heads, sufficient to set me farre inough from you. What is it (quoth *Reason*?) Oh (quoth I) *Vanitas Vanitatis, & omnia Vanitas*. Nowe (quoth she) I haue no more to say: I see my Maister is to neare thee: *Vanitie*, farewell, I mark away with my Maister. So away went we by *Infamie*, who was ready to weepe for sorrow, to see that now his Lady had gotten here a seruant, nor her here a companion, to make him so merrie, as to sound his trumpet.

Now passing alone, towards the Gates of *Vertue*, we came to *Knowledge*, who presently as she had espied *Wisedome*, vayle his Bonnet, fell at his feete, and hauing done his duetie, rose off his knee, and led vs through the best Court, and so to the Hall: where first we met with *Courtesie*, who conducted vs to the starre Chamber: there was *Learning* with his Artes, which led vs to *Experience*, who brought vs to *Time*: who as we caught

hold of, they brought vs to *Vertue*. Who first welcomming *Wisedome*, and shewing good countenance to *Wit* and *Reason*, gaue me a friendly nodde, and so staying a while, talking with *Wisedome*: She came at last to me, with this sweete and fauourable speech. Seruant, (quoth she) I see thy dutie is discharged, my commandement kept, and my will obserued: for thy continuance, *Wisedome* hath giuen his word, and I am content to take it. Now promise is to be performed, thou shalt haue entertainment of my elder Sister, who I know at mine, and *Wisedomes* requestes, will not refuse thee. So onwards we go, towards this godly Ladie, whom when I came before, and fell on my knee, she) bad me welcome, with these words. Youth (quoth she) the good report that *Wisedome* hath made of thee, the good mind that my sister *Vertue*, hath to thee, do make me desirous to do thee good: I wish thee well with all my heart, and vpon *Wisedomes* word, I could be content to entertaine thee. But there comes no man to me, without he haue done some notable Act worth memorie: If thou hast done any such thing, let vs vnderstand it, then shalt be presently admitted: if not, being seruant to my sister *Vertue*, thou maist some attempt it, (and once begun) quickly finish it: till then, content thy selfe with her entertainment, and thinke thou hast attained no little honour. So turning from me, shee went to her sister to whome she vsed these words: Come let vs talke a little with *Wisedome*, touching the trauaile of this fellow. Content (quoth she) so away they goe together, to the Garden of Delight, a place of such pleasure, as passeth my skill to set out. Now as they were going thither, I hoping to heare some good newes of entertainment, at the comming backe againe of *Wisedome*, I heard the sowdaine sound of a Trumpet, as with the lowde noyse thereof I started, and so awaked. Oh good Dreame, oh sweete sleepe, oh blessed Vision, to giue so good instruc-

tion

tion, to keep me from destruction, from which God deliuer me, my well-willers, my friends and foes, and all one another, that will thereto say. Amen.

Now I haue beene entertained, at the hands of *Vertue*, sworne her seruant (though in sleepe,) I must now (according to the commaundement of *Fame*) attempt some such enterprise, either by Learning or Valiencie: as may (by *Vertues* knowledge) purchase mée entertainment of *Fame*. Now for a yong man it is heard, for now a dayes, the gallantest Youths, become so amorous, as that in long time, they haue much to do, and a great grace of God, if euer they growe vertuous. Well, yet haue I (better late then never) being warned in sleep, taken care now awake, to deuise, which way to worke, and what to take in hand, to deserue my Ladies fauour: and this I will promise you, there is mettailes in the fire, which though they came from many Countries, yet are they here so mingled, and abide so well togither, as that if it shall please God, to let me finish it: I hope to bring to such perfection, as shall be worthie to bee put in memorie. Will when, beseeching God to grant me his heauenlie, and fauourable aide, and all good mindes to pray for the same: I pray for them, and all other, that it will please God to grant vs all his grace, that we may not attempt any thing, but Vertuous, that to his glorie may make vs Famous on earth, and in heauen acceptable to his Omnipotent mercie.

So be it.

N. Breton.

FINIS.

The Scholler and the Souldiour.

A Diſputation pithily paſſed betweene them, the one defending Learning, the other Martiall Diſcipline.

Written by *N. B.* Gentleman.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede,
1606.

[illegible]

To the Courteous and *Gentle Reader.*

GEntle Reader, read no further then you like, if you finde any thing to your content: thinke well of me for my paines. If there be nothing that likes you, my lucke is nought: in nothing there can be nothing, yet ſomething may be found, though nothing to any great purpoſe. Wel, there are diuers Nothings, which you ſhall read further off, if you will take paines to turne ouer the leafe, and peruſe the reſt that followes. Now, though I will wiſh you looke for no meruailous, or worthie thing, yet ſhall you finde ſomething, though in effect (as it were) nothing, yet in conceit a pretie thing to paſſe away the time withall. Wel, if you ſtand content with this Nothing, it may be ere long, I will ſend you ſomething, more to your liking: till when, I wiſh you nothing but well. And ſo I bid you farewell, from my Chamber at the Blacke Fryers.

N. B.

A diſcourſe of a Scholler and a Souldier, &c.

The Scholler alone, talking to himſelfe.

IN a Countrey vnknowne, trauailed certain perſons vnnamed, of which, two onely vnacquainted, met together vnlookt for, the one a Scholler, the other a Souldiour: which ere they met, had paſſed many a weary walke. Among which, one day about three or foure of the Clocke in the afternoone the Scholler almoſt tyred with extreame trauaile, ſate himſelfe downe on a banck ſide, vnder a ſhady tree, where with a hungry ſtomack (hauing not dyned nor ſupped well many a daye before) hee fell to ſucking of certaine Rootes, which hee had gathered in the fieldes as hee went: and finding no better fare to fill his belly withall, hee thought good to feede his fancie with ſome contentiue conceyt or other: But finding no occaſion to make himſelfe merrie, all comfortleſſe and ſolitarie to himſelfe, hee vſed this ſpeeche.

Oh, what a wearie life it is to trauaile? Knowledge (I ſee) is hardly come by, and hardeneſſe is vnpleaſant to the heart: when the heart is ill, all the body is the worſe: the body not well, howe can the minde bee at quyet? And the minde diſturbed, what eaſe is man in? Ah mouldie of miſhappe, framed to ſo many miſeries! Oh curſed Fortune, that bringeſt out of frame, a thing ſo bleſſedlie fra-

med. Oh fond will, to crie out vpon Fortune: Oh wilfull Wit, that doest not see thy Follie: Oh vaine Follie that so hast led my Fancie: Oh foolish Fancie, that so hast followed Folly, and oh fole I, so much to follow Fancie.

But why do I make this mone? I see nothing to dislike mee: alas, so see I nothing to like mee. Why? am I discontent with nothing? no, but that I see nothing to my Content. Why? doth it dislike mee, that nothing contents mee? no, but that nothing doth neither please nor displease mee. Why? in nothing is nothing, then what so disturbes mee? that what must be nothing, for some thing it cannot bee, yet some thing it is. And what is it trow I? it is *Aliquid nihil*, that some nothing know I. What? doe I know nothing? No? yes, I knowe this thing, that nothing is something: And what is that something? why nought else but nothing. Then since tis but nothing that breedes my disliking, let me see what something is, in this same nothing, which nothing names something, and yet is but nothing? it is my Conceyt. Conceyt? What is that? a secret gyft vnto the minde. What? secrets are hidden? whats hidden, is not knowen, but that it is hidden. What is that it, hidden? Something vnknowen: then till it be knowen, what is it? Nothing in knowledge, yet something vnknowen, then something tis, nothing. as was before shewen: in truth little something, but prowes to be nothing? and yet that same nothing, no little sore. something to breede mans disliking? *Beautie*, *Riches*, *Honour*, *Vertue*, *Friendship*, *Loue*, *Time*, *&c.*

Beautie, What is it? a deception of sight, a secret gift of Nature, given to the Bodie, above Capacitie, saving that it may be conceyued to be nothing: yet is it something in shewe, though in substaunce Nothing, yet thus much to disliking, that it breedes a liking, whereby growes a greater disliking, yet both as much as nothing. For *Beautie*, is but a secret allurement of the Eye, to liking of the person where it is placed. Now that liking growe to Loue, of

the perſon Beautifull ? which but for *Beautie* (ſometime) were more worth hate, then, in this it failes out to bee an illuſion, a decett of Conceit, by allurement of the Eye. But whereof growes this ? but of the fault of Conceit: which I ſhewed before, is (though ſomething) nothing. Then of nothing growes nothing, but nothing: If then this deceit growe of the fault of Conceit, which is ſomething, the fault can bee no ſomething, & then cannot *Beautie* bee any thing, but a ſhadow, which in ſubſtance is nothing, though in concept ſomething, but in knoweledge nothing. But let mee leave this vaine nothing, & thinke of ſomething elſe: which well conſidered, may come to as little, or almoſt as nothing.

Riches, that muſt needes bee ſomething: and yet let mee ſee, is there no more Nothings then one? Oh yes, how many are there? and what are they? Oh, there are ſeaven Nothings, one in reſpect nothing: An other Nothing, in a maner: An other Nothing, to truſt to: An other Nothing, durable: The firſt, a meere Nothing, called nothing at all. Nowe let mee ſee, which of theſe Nothings is Riches: in effect it is ſomething, & that thing that worketh great things, it purchaſeth loue, friendſhip, & contrarily hate, and Enuie, it buyeth Honour, and ſelleth honeſty: it maketh things of nothing wonderfull, and wonders things of nothing. It is a comfort to the mind, and a corrupter of the Conſcience: it releeueth the poore, and pleaſeth the wealthie, it is a help to obtaine Vertues, ſo it is an occaſion of vices, it is a worker of warres it maketh Peace, it is the occaſion of much treaſon, it makes truth come to light, it makes the Trauailer, it keeps ſome at home, it makes the fine workmen, it breeds idlenes, it makes the braue Court, it beggers the countrey. What ſhould I ſtay any longer vpon it? it is ſuch a thing, as hath ſuch a ſway in manie things, as almoſt there is no worldly thing to bee counted a greater: And can this then be nothing? yea: and howe? Why, is it nothing in this? it is nothing durable it is a gift of *Fortune*, who giues nothing but mutable, for a Rich man to day, to morrowe is poore:

It is subiect to manie casualties, and in that it is so vncertaine a thing, it is nothing certaine, not certainly nothing, but nothing durable, then in this it is nothing, although otherwayes something, but enough of this Nothing, and now to some other, which seemeth something, but in fine, falles out nothing.

Honour: That is a thing greatly sought, little found, and much made account off, not for the Vertue of the substance it carryeth with it: but for the Nakednes of the matter, which in substance is nothing, it purchaseth to the person, Honourable reuerence of his Inferiours, Familiaritie with the Nobilitie, and fauour of the Soueraignties. Nowe there are diuers honours, one Honour is gotten by Riches, which is a thing nothing durable: of nothing growes nothing, then Riches decayed, dies the Honour, then that Honour is nothing, in that it is a Riches nothing durable.

Another Honour is got by Valiancie, and that is in Warres, whereby the Captaine winneth the Armes, that after during life, bee to his honour, and after him his posteritie, to his and their honour, doe honourable beare: yet for all this, well considered, it is nothing, for that it is not certaine: for that in Warres to day is got, that to morrowe is lost: to day hee gets an Ensigne, that to morrowe loseth his owne Armes, Bodie and all: if hee come home well with his victory, yet *Virtutis comes inuidia*: Hee that did climbe by Vertue, may be ouerthrowen by villany: hee maye bee accused and attainted, that never did amisse: Periurie may make Forgerie, to seeme no Knauerie: manie times might ouercommeth right, and then executed vpon condemnation, his house is come to destruction: then this Honour, I see likewise is the nothing, that is the nothing durable.

But leauing this, there is now another Honour, got by Learning, which gaineth the knowledge of manie things,

and

and the vſe of the ſame. The beſt things it ſheweth, and deſcries the worſt: it teacheth to knowe God, and how to ſerue, loue, and honour him: it teacheth to knowe the Diuell, and howe to bleſſe vs from him. By Learning comes Wiſedome, by Learning ill died, comes folly: by Learning comes *Fame*: by learning comes fauour of the highest: by learning comes all godneſſe: by Learning comes that honour, that longeſt doth endure: for after death, *Fame* of Learning is an honour to the perſon dead: and yet that Honour nothing durable, for *Fame* in deede is but a fained thing by *Fancie*: and nothing fayned can be true, which proues *Fame* to bee no true thing: then in truth it muſt be nothing. If then *Fame* bee the chiefe Honour of the learned, which well conſidered, is neither any thing in ſubſtance, nor yet durable: then this Honour (though many wayes ſomething,) yet in ſome it is nothing.

Wherefore, leauing *Honour*, let me ſee what thing is *Vertue*: Oh, a heauenly thing, it is that which maketh the Souldiour by valure Honourable, and by the helpe of Learning *Famous*: It is the enemie to vice, it is that which aduanceth the poore, and makes the Rich honoured: It is an Honour, that the moſt honourable do moſt honour: it is in ſumme, the wonder of the worlde, the ſtaye of Wiſedome, and the high-way to Heauen: and can this ſo worthie a thing be thought nothing? Oh yea, and howe? Alas Money is ſuch a thing, as without that thing, there is nothing accounted in a manner anie thing. *Vertue* is a Jewell they ſay, but it is of ſmall price, who will giue any money for it? May more, who will not for money become vicious of Vertuous? Alas, too ſelue: Then, by this I ſee, that vertue in reſpect of Riches, is nothing: which Riches in reſpect of Vertue, ought rather to be counted nothing: but being as it is, (in reſpect of Riches) nothing. I ſee it is the nothing,

that is termed nothing in respect: and doth not this nothing breede sufficient disliking in that, in respect of a thing of nothing, it should bee thought nothing? Yes sure, but when nothing will helpe it, let mee see some other thing which found out in kind, in fine comes to be nothing.

Friendship, what is that thing? To bee short, it is such a thing, as I have found so much deceite in the thing: as I care to say no more of the thing, then that it is nothing to trust to, then for me it shall stand for nothing. Some will say, it is that keepes Princes in peace, and Countreys in quiet: of peace comes plentie, of plentie Pleasure: Pleasure maintaines health, and health makes a merry heart, and all this comes of heartie friendship. Yea, but where is that? *Nescio*. I can not tell, for the world is full of falsehood: that there is almost, *Nulla fides*, left in *Terris*: and where there is no faith, Friendship is nothing to trust to, and so let it rest that nothing,, and to some other thing as much as nothing.

Love, what is that? oh it is a marvellous thing. Some say it is a God, called *Cupid*, but that is but a fonde thing that *Fancie* faines: and no fained thing can bee thought any thing but nothing. Some other say it is a strannge thing devised by Desire, found out by *Fancie*, followed with affection, obtained with friendly liking, and kept with faithfull Care: but what thing is all this thing? I never could see, heare, or reade any thing, that found it more then nothing. Some say, it is no God, it is rather a Divell, that sets mindes on madding, and then it is a madde thing, God blesse us from such a thing, that is worse then nothing. Some say, it is a common thing, and yet it is such a thing as is past mans conceiving, and all mens descrying, at least without fayning, and fained things nothing, howe can this bee any thing (but in a manner) nothing? then learning this nothing in a manner, let mee go to some other thing, which yet will prove nothing.

Time

The Scholler.

Time, what may that be? a ſtraunge thing that ruleth all things, and yet it ſelfe nothing. Some faine it to be a thing like a man, with a balde head, ſauing a locke before on the forehead, with a paire of Wings on his ſhoulders, like an Angell, and with a Sithe in his hande like a Mower, fetching his ſtroke, as though he had alwayes ſome worke before him: But this is but a fained thing, which they ſet out balde behinde, and with a locke of hayre before, for this reaſon. That *Time*, when it is once paſt, it is not to be caught, it is to be vſed as it comes, and narrowly to be watched, that it ſlippe not away vnawars, leaſt when it is paſt, repentance findes it too late to wish for. His Wings betoken ſpeede, that he makes where he goes, according to the old Proverbe, *Time tarrieth no man*. His Sithe ſhewes his labour, that he neuer ſtands idle: for *Time* will be euer ſet about ſome thing, and if Wit want diſcretion to ſet him to ſome good worke, Will is not without ſome toy or other to turne him to. Happie is hee that can vſe him well when he hath him, and twiſe happie he that doth alwayes warily watch him, to turne him to good vſe.

But who is he that euer ſaw him indeede, as he is ſet out in ſhewe? *Nemo*, None that euer I could heare of. Then being but a fained thing (as many other are) let it paſſe as thoſe things for a thing of nothing: which being knowne to be nothing but a fained thing, let it reſt in ſubſtance nothing, (though in conceit, a ſecret thing) which may proue in a manner (well conſidered) nothing. But nowe there is a newe Nothing (as yet) vnſpoken of, which if a wiſe man heard mee harpe with a prating to my ſelfe about nothing, hee would hang it on my ſleeue for a reward, for him that deſerues no better thing. Well, the cheife nothing of all, which is the nothing at all, that is the nothing that I ſee here to delight me, which made me vſe all this ſpeech of nothing.

What

But whom do I sée yonder before mée? what is it a man? Why then there is some companie to comfort mée in this calamitie: then that is some thing, yet to driue mée out of this nothing. Well, I will rise to him, to sée what he is: and whither he trauailes: whence he came, and what he entends to doo: it seemes a stout fellow, by his sterne looke: it seemeth by his warlike countenance, hée should be a Souldiour. A Souldiour? what should he do heere abouts without a Captaine, farre from any towne, and alone without companie? Is he not some outlaw, that liueth here in the Wildernesse? who takes the spoile of such poore Trauailers as my selfe: and héereby it may bée, hée hath more companie at hand, eyther in their caues, or in the Woddes heereby, God knoweth. Well I hope the best, that he may yet be some man that trauailes this way in Gods peace, meaning neither me nor any else harme. Therefore, towards him I will, and therwithall vp he rose, and to himhe went: but what countrey man may he bée? I will sée. And so when he came somewhat néere vnto him, he vsed this spéech.

The Scholler to the Souldiour.

Ben trouate Signore, bien trouue Monsieur, bien hallado es la vuestra Merced. Salue Domine. Countrey man well met.

The Souldiour.

Well met good friend. *Che sete voi? Inglese? Don voues vous? amigo, Die mihi quaeso.*

The Scholler.

Oh Syr, for that I sée you vnderstand the English

tongue

tongue, and my trauailes in theſe Countreyes hath not beene long: learning other languages, you ſhall vnderſtand, that firſt for my Country, I was borne in *Iſola Beata*, I come from I know not whence, and am going I know not whither, by profeſſion, I am a Scholler: Now what are you?

The Souldiour.

Friend, I profeſſe Armes, and to anſwere the otherwiſe, I was borne in *Terra Fortunata*, I come from a Combat, and am going to a Challenge. But what a fantaſticall fellow art thou, to tell me thou commeſt thou knowſt not from whence, and art going thou knowſt not whither? what? haſt thou ſpoild thy ſelfe ſtarke mad, thou ſpeakeſt ſo vndiſcreetely?

The Scholler.

No Syr, but indeede I am ſomewhat wilde headed with want of company, and almoſt halfe mad for lacke of meat, ſo that blame me not if I ſpeake wickly: for indeed when a man hath beene long faſting, the braines will be out of temper, and when the head is ill, all the body is the worſe, and the wits not at beſt: and yet Schollers are hardly brought vp, therefore they ſhould away with hardneſſe the better: their allowance in Colledges, is but ſmall, therefore little meate ſhould content them.

The Souldiour.

Schollers brought vp hardly? No it is the Souldiour that hath the body to beare hardneſſe: for he is ſeaſoned (as the Carpenter ſayes by his tooles) for all weathers, he can go further with a cruſt, and a Cuppe of colde Water,

then the Scholler with his pound of Beefe, and his potte of beere: the Scholler must haue his diet at due times, or else his stomacke will wamble, and hee must be sick like a woman with childe: and oh, it must be well dressed, or else it goes against his stomacke, and if he fare ill once a weeke, he liues hardly. Alas for him, the Souldiour must haue his meate when he can get it, and take paines himselfe to dresse it, and eate it perhaps at midnight, disgest it as he may, giue God thanks for it, and thinke himselfe happie if he so may haue it. Therefore in respect of the Souldiours life, for his fare, the Scholler is at farre better state then the Souldiour: but then for honour, the life of the Souldiour.

The Scholler.

And why so?

The Souldiour.

For that the Scholler sits alwayes crowding at home in his Camber, eating vp the wealth of his Countrey, with his nose ouer the fire, or lapped vp in a furred Gowne, to defend him from the cold of the winter: and in Summer plucking vppe the Flowers that should bewtifie the ground, and so goes hee plodding vp and downe, with his eyes bended downewards, as though hée were seeking Pearles among Pybles, or else staring into the Element, vs though he watched when the man in the Moone would come out among the Starres: And when they come in againe, then they fall to reading of one Booke or other, sometime they reade the famous acts of gallant Souldiours, such as *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, *Hanniball*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, (and many other that I leaue to recount) whose victorious déedes they take pleasure to peruse: but the

base

base minded followes, are neuer the more ready or willing to stirre their owne foote out of the Countrey, to see an inch of seruice.

The Scholler.

Oh good Sir, speake not so in discommendation of a Scholler: for why, if he sit at home (as you say) he is not idle, when hee is reading on his booke, and when hee looketh downewards, it is because (his braine being busied about studie) hee would not lift vp his eyes, least the beholding of some vaine thing or other (which the world is full of) should carrie away his wittes with a wanton delight, from his desire otherwise determined. If he lift them vp into the Heauens, it is either for heartie repentance he makes vnto God for his offences: or else for his grace, to study no higher causes, then may be graunted with his fauour.

Now, though hee stare, as you tearme, vpon the Moone and Starres, to marke their courses, and by them to discerne and note further causes: it argues not therefore, that he watcheth a man in the Moone: For iudeed I haue studied somewhat my selfe, and I haue contemplated the Skie, the Sunne, the Moone, and Starres, and this I will say, I haue diuers times seene a man or two in the Sunne, but in the Moone neuer any: therefore he was too simple to be a Scholler, whatsoeuer he was, that would stare vpon the Moone, to looke for a man in it.

Now for your noble Captaines, whose triumphant deeds you speake of, that Schollers take delight to reade, but not to follow: You are deceiued, for there bee Schollers that beare as high mindes, and as vliaunt hearts, as any men, and to tell truth, a good Captaine was first a Scholler, who pursuing the valiant deeds of other men, hath beene by them set on to attempt the like enterprises.

Beſides, ſometime you will go vnto me (I think) that counſaile and words doth much in warres: Is not policie one of the chiefeſt poynts in warres? Experience doth well, but with Art it doth better. What ſaid *Cicero*? *Plus ego togatus, quam armati decem.* He did more in his Gowne, then ten in their coate Armors. *Cedant arma togæ concedat laurea linguæ*, Let the Gunne giue place to the Gowne, and giue the braue tongue, the Bay Tree. Was not *Cicero*, *Oratorum præſtantiſſimus*? an excellent Scholler? *Catahne* was a braue Souldiour: but yet *Cicero* and his ſide, gaue the ouerthrow. Again, how ſhould the Fame of your gallant Souldiour remain in memorie, had there not bene Schollers willing, (for the moſt part they bare them,) to ſet them out with ſuch a grace of glorie, that all men ſhould be glad to read and heare them, yea, and a number to follow them? But euery man is not, nor can be a Souldiour: for ſome muſt be at home, for diuers cauſes of importance, appertinent vnto the Common wealth, which in their kinds, are as worthy honour as the Souldiour.

The Souldiour.

Not ſo. I graunt that it is neceſſarie for ſome to ſit by the fire ſide, while the other fetch Wood and Cole. But they are ſlothfull, while the other take paines, and whether is more worthy honour, labour or idleneſſe? Againe, when the Souldiours of *Rome* had plaide the men, in the ouerthrowe of *Catahne*, was it not a fault in *Cicero*, to ſhew ſuch arrogancie in his ſpeeches, to take vpon him more effect, then ten men in Armor? eyther he meant it mercily, by ſome obſcure perſons, that neuer came out of the Towne to the battaile, becauſe yet he ſaide ſomewhat vnto the Souldiours, to encourage them: and they that were away, neither ſayde nor did

any

any thing. And ſo he meant it to the diſcommendation of their Cowardiſe, in keeping farre enough from the fight: Or elſe he meant, he prated more himſelfe, than a dozen Souldiours in the Camp. But happie it was for him that the day went of his ſide, though the victorie came not by his eloquence: I graunt he did great good with his perſwaſions, for in deed good wordes will move much: eſpecially, in good cauſes as that was: beſides God is good, and he doth commonly give the good victorie: and if he ſuffer them to be overthrowen, it is for a further good he meanes them.

Now therefore, if he had given the chiefe glorie to God, and the reſt to the valiaunt Captaines and Souldiours, in my iudgement, he had done well: but to come out with *Primus ego*, me thinkes he played the fole, *Ipſe*. Againe, whereas you ſpeake of the great fauour of Scholiers, that they do vnto Souldiours, in ſetting forth their famous deedes, I muſt give them commendation for their paines, but for Honour, conſelle who deſerves more Honour, the man that doth the deede, or he that writes of it, when it is done.

I graunt Learning an ornament, and a neceſſarie appertinent vnto a Souldiour. Otherwiſe in deede, it is hard for him to be a good Captaine, for by Learning, he knowes vpon what cauſe it is good to beginne warre: and warre offered, vpon what cauſe it growes, and if it be without cauſe, how good then is the defence. Then a Souldiour will vpon a fugarie, or madde humour in his head, goe ſhewe his great buſineſſe and little wit, he knowes not, nor cares not, vpon whome, where, or for what cauſe: I will ſay his folliſhneſſe makes him vnworthie of the name of a Souldiour: his deedes worthie to be put in oblivion, and himſelfe vnworthie honour. Therefore I conſelle, a good Captaine had neede to be ſomewhat a Scholler, ere he take Armes in hand: but not

in his Schollerſhip, no' ſo worthie honour, as when he hath ſhewed him ſelfe a Souldiour. Marrie this I allowe of the vnlearned, the Scholler is to be honoured, and the Souldiour to be beloued. But yet I ſay ſtill, the Souldiour is to bee honoured, both of the Scholler, and the vnlearned: of the Scholler for his Wiſedome, with valure, and of the other for his ſtoutneſſe, with vertue. Now what ſay you for the Scholler?

The Scholler.

This I ſay: the ground I thinke was before the Oraſſe, the tree before the fruite, the Plaine ſong before the Deſkant, and ſo forth. The ground I muſt confeſſe, is worthie loue, for bringing forth Oraſſe: ſo is Oraſſe to be loued for the Cattailes ſake that it feedes, which I will liue by. Nowe if the ground brought out nothing but Roſſe, then were it little to be loued: againe, the Oraſſe cut, and not well handled, would bee little good, and were worthie as little loue. The tree were ill, would beare no Fruite: and the Fruite ill, would pleaſe no taſte. The Plaine ſong, were plaine ſtuffe, without Deſkant, and the Deſkant were a madde peece of Pullicke, without Plaine ſong to be the ground.

But as the ground for the Oraſſe, ſo the Oraſſe for his ſweete iuyce: the Tree for the Fruit, and the Fruite for the ſweete taſte: the Plaine ſong for ſweete Deſkant, and the Deſkant for ſkill, are loued. So is the Scholler for his Learning, and the Souldiour for Vertue, to bee honoured alike: and if any more then other, the Scholler, for that he findes by Learning, what is Honour, howe it is to bee gotten, howe maintained, and what to be eſteemed. He ſees whether his bodie bee to his minde, and if it bee, then if both be fit to abide the life of a Souldiour, then doth he proue a Famous fellowe, if God

ſend

sende him good Fortune. If not, why then hée takes in hande, Lawe, Phisicke, or Diuinitie, the most excellent studie, whereby to winne, no lesse honour during life, then *Fame* after death. By Learning comes Knowledge, by learned knowledge, comes a man of meane countenance to giue Counsaile vnto Princes: By Learning is séene what sinne is, howe it is hated of God, and what hurt it doth to man: by Learning is Vertue founde, and howe it is beloued of God, and honoured of the best mindes, and so ought to bée of all men: by Learning comes the knowledge of the nature of many things, & the vse of the same: by learning can the Phisition cure the Souldior being sick or hurt: by Learning doth the man of Peace knowe the lawe of Armes. In summe, I know no man excellent in any thing without learning, which is the ground of all excellencie. If then Learning be excellent, the time that is spent in that, is most excellentlie well bestowed, which time may be well called the Schollers time, and the scholler, for so well bestowing that time, most worthy to be honoured. Now what say you for the Souldiour?

The Souldiour.

Marrie this I say, the better the Grasse, the more is the ground esteemed: and till the ground beare grasse, what was it to bee esteemed? but as barraine, and therefore a thing of little worth: but when it brings forth good grasse, then it is called a fatte ground, good ground, and so forth. Marrie if this ground lie in a colde corner, it will be long ere the grasse spring, and being come vppe, it commonlie proues sower, and doth not so soone, nor so well fatten the Cattell, as other that lyeth somewhat néere the Sunne. Againe, if the Grounde doe lye very high, and néere the Sunne, then is the Grasse so parched with the heate, that there is but little sweetenesse lest in it for the Cattell,

Then

Then muſt it be kept with watering to cole the heate, and to refreſh the Roote of the graſſe withall. Againe, the colde ground muſt be often dunged, thereby to giue it more heat, and with that warmth, to comfort the Roote of the graſſe, that it may the better come vp.

Now I doe not denie, but that theſe grounds may bee both indifferent good in their kindes, after they haue beene well tilled as I ſay. But the ground is to bee conſidered off, according to his nature: and if the ground be of nature to beare graſſe, and ſuch common Hearbs as will feed Cattell, it is not to bee deſpiſed. But if it be of nature to bring forth Flowers, Hearbs, Roots, and Fruites, for Man himſelfe to take on, is it not more to bee made account off, farre aboue the other? Yes ſurely. And this minde am I of, that at the firſt Creation, when God had made the Earth, he gaue it a ſecret nature to bring forth Fruites, but many ſundry grounds, ſundry kindes of Natures, which according to the ſame, are ſo to bee eſtimed off. God when he had made the ground, he ſaid. Let vs garniſh it with Graſſe, Flowers, Hearbs, Trees, and Fruits, and ſo forth.

Now he thought it not worthie the loking on, til it had brought forth the Fruites, Flowers, and Hearbes, which his Heauenly Maieſtie had giuen it a ſecret Nature to bring forth, for to beautifie it ſelfe withall. Which Hearbs and Roots, Flowers, and Fruites, some here, some there, and according to the Fruites, he eſtabliſhed the plotte of grounde whereon they grewe: therefore ſay I, the ground is to be thought off according to the goodneſſe of the Fruite, which naturally, and not by helpe, it brings forth. The Tree was beloued the ſeruice, but till ſuch time as it brought forth fruit, what was it but a ſtocke not worthy the proyning.

Now there are diuers Trees, which according to the Natures of the Soyles wherein they growe, bring forth fruits

fruits, Nutmegs, Cloues, Cinamon, Ginger, Mace, Pepper, Orenges, Limons Pome-citrons, Pome-granets, Grapes, and Sugar in canes, Melones, Abricockes, Artichockes, Prunes, Raysins: And for Rootes, Eringos, Potatoes, and a number of other, to long to recite. The colde countreis yeild waterish fruit, as Plums, Peares, Apples, Berries, and such like. The temperate Zone brings forth fruit, neither to waterish, nor yet to drie, but betwixt both. Now the Trees are to bee thought off, according to their fruits: is not the Cinamon tree to be esteemed above ỳ Apple tree? is not the Damson tree to be accounted off, above the Blackthorne tree? is not the Pippin tree to be esteemed above the crabtree? the Abricock above the common plum? and the Cherrie above Hauthorne berries? yes out of doubt, according to the sweetnesse of the taste, is the fruit to be beloued. In the Garden of Paradice, there were diuers fruit trées, & fruits, but one chiefly that was to be honored above all other: for finding whereoff, Man was driuen out of the ground, & forst with toyle, to get his liuing abroade in the world, vñ Gods high displeasure. Therefore some trées are above other to be honored. Plain song is good Musick, but not so good, as when the Deskant is made to goe with it.

Now there are diuers grounds, which according to the Deskants are to be esteemed: what sweete harmony, then among the byrds of the field? what byrd so much honoured as the Nightingale? and why? but for her sweete change of notes: when she first begins to record, it is a pretty byrd. But when she sings out in the midst of May, about Midnight, the weather faire, and shee in a fine Bush: Oh t'is a heauenly noyse, to heare the sweete wretch.

So the Scholler is to bee made account off for his learning, for his sight in diuers Arts. But now men are borne vnder diuers Planets: as some vnder *Iupiter*, thole are imperious fellows, thole are good to be Princes: some vnder *Saturne*, they are frowarde of Nature, and good to make Lawyers: some vnder *Venus*, and they are good to make

Solicitors of loue: some vnder *Mercurie*, and they are good to be Secretaries, for they are (commonly) ingenious: some vnder *Sol*, those are hot fellowes, those are good to make Mariners, they may best abide the could of the water: some vnder *Luna* and they are weake of Nature, and subiect to much sickneſſe, those are good to make Philitians, to helpe themſelues, and other that haue need of them: some vnder *Mars*, and they are the men that proue the gallant ſouldiers. Now if the ſcholler be borne vnder that Planet of prowes, and in his time of ſtudie be addicted to follow that which he ſaies worthy honour, which both reaſon perſwades his minde, and nature leads his body to: is not he worthy to be honoured aboue the ſcholler that is weake of nature, and vnfit for any exerciſe of great honor? Yes ſurely. My ſelfe haue ſtudied a little in diuers Arts: but euer I was moſt bent to this Art of Warre, when I ſcarce knew what a Gun meant, me thought it did me good to heare it ſhote off, and ſee the fire: it did me good to looke on a ſworn blade, ere I knew whether it ſhould haue a hilt or not.

What ſhall I ſay? I loued a Drum and a Fyfe, better then all the Fidling muſicke in the world: and growing to ſome yeares, I would practiſe now and then a little of warlike exerciſes, till in the end, the delight therein, drew me quite from my booke: ſo that when I had learned firſt to ſerue God, and how to ſerue him, to do no man wrong, and take as little as I might.

I left my ſchoole fellowes, and forth I go to ſeeke aduentures. Now Law I haue inough, for my ſelfe (as I ſaid) I will doo no wrong, and take little. And among Souldiours, Stafford law, Martiall law, killing or hanging is ſome learned. For Phiſicke I haue inough, I know a little Turpentine will heale a great cut: a cop-web and Salt, as *Role Armonick*, will ſtint a bleeding. If I be ill at eaſe, I faſt it out: I doo as Hogs doo, neuer eate meate, till they ſee whether they ſhall liue or die. Truth, ſickneſſe comes by ill diet, then learn by one ſurfet, to vſe the better order twiſe

for

for it: but ſouldiers vſe, is to kéepe no dyet, but to abide all hardneſſe, therefore they commonly are not ſicke, but vpon the bullet, which if it light in the breſt, they lis not long on it: ſo that they haue no néed but of the heauenly Phiſitian, to craue his heauenly mercie, to purge their ſoules from ſinne, that it may appeare pure and acceptable before him, at the day of iudgement. And now minding not to ſay much more in this matter: What ſay you for the Scholler?

Schol. Sir, I muſt néeds ſay, you haue ſaid well for the Souldier: but yet I muſt ſay, that note the liues of them both, and you ſhall ſée the ſcholliers life moſt worthy honor: and why? the ſcholler findeth (as you ſay) by diſcretion, whether his body be to his mind, and both apt for Armes: if not, yet he is readie and able to inſtruct thoſe that are able. in thoſe chiefe poynts that do moſt appertaine vnto that Art. Whereby the willing mind (hauing but litle knowledge) may ſpeedily purchaſe great perfection by ſmall experience.

Further, the Scholliers Booke will not let him be vile, but to fall to ſome honorable ſtudie or other: As if he ſtudy Phiſicke, I fetch my authoritie out of Scripture: doth not Chriſt bid vs honour the Phiſition? If he ſtudie Law, what thing is more honorable, then that which keps countreys in good order, the Prince in peace, and the ſubiects in awe, the well deſers in continuance, and the offenders in feare? And is not Law then, an honourable ſtudie? If he ſtudie Diuinitie, who is the worlde more worthy honour, then he that pronounceth the word of God, to the comfort of the penitent, and the perdition of the obſtinate? In that ſtudie is ſéene, who is the good ſouldiour, what is the good quarell, againſt whom it is good to fight, and who giues the ouerthrow. The true Chriſtian is the good Souldier, which with onely Faith, fights againſt the foule fiend Sathan, and all his filthie and helliſh crew, whom Chriſt hath ouerthrowne, and troden vnder his feete, this is the good fight: to God be giuen the glorie of the ouerthrow.

The Scholler, and

And is there any time more happily spent, then in this war? is there any man so worthie honor as he that spends his time so happily: no sure, this is the good Souldiour, and this Souldiour is the Scholler. Againe, the Schollers life is civill, modest, content with litle, desiring no mans hurt, and wishing all men well, loath to have his hands embrued with blood, and sory to see the crueltie of the bloudie Souldier. The Scholler studies how to set out the Souldier, how to kepe the subiect at home in order, the Countrey in quiet, and himselfe in health: the Scholler seeks by Law, to redresse the poore mans wrong: the Scholler studies to knowe all good, and eschew all ill. If the Souldiour do so too, then is he as worthy honor as ỳ Scholler, but no more. But in truth, I have not hard many such like Souldiours as your selfe seeme to be: for you were an old Scholler I perceive, before you were a young Souldiour, if your practis in Armes hath been as great, as your studie in Arts, I must thinke you a rare Souldier, yea, a Captain worthy to lead a great Armie: but if you will confesse a truth, I thinke you will not any longer defend your opinion, in that the Souldiour should deserue honor above the Scholler.

Soul. Yes surely, though I must confesse, I see in you the mind of a Souldiour, and the perfect points of a good Scholler, and for your learning worthie honor, yet will I (though unworthie of any commendation, having never done any famous exploits) give the cheife honor to the Souldier. For though the Scholler do find by reading, what is the good fight, who is the good Souldiour, who is the enemie to be overthrowne, and who gets the victorie Yet if he know this and will not put it in action, it is then but for others instruction, and not for his owne soules health. Againe, hee that hath read little, by grace may have sufficient knowledge, that the divell is naught, and faith is the onely defence for him: God is the onely victor, and his be the glorie.

But further, he that is borne under *Mars* (as I said before) and hath any thing studied the Scriptures: hee will in

the honour of God, go trauaile the world, seeke out such obstinate rebels to Christ as take them vnto Antichrist leaue God, and serue the Diuell: such when he findes, he will destroy them, that they may not liue to infect other. What better death, then in such a quarrell? What life so worthie honor, as such a death? What action so famous, as such an enterprise? Oh good Souldiour, that so honors his God: swéete Christ, that vpon the Crosse lost his heart bloud for his sake, that he will in his quarrel, to do him seruice, aduenture, and willingly loose his heart bloud, and his life in this world, for his sake: knowing assuredly, that he shall find it again, with ten times more blessed ioy in the world to come. The Souldier seeketh aduentures here and there, slayeth wild beasts, and would destroy the simple traueller: the Souldier challengeth and slayeth the villaine that slaundereth the vertuous: the Souldier is courteous to all men, hée is modest with Modestie, to shew the height of his mind: the souldier is content with any thing, and sometime with nothing: the Souldiour doth helpe the oppressed in a righteful cause, and doth hurt no man but enemies: the Souldiour imbrues neither his hands nor his blade, in the bloud of any, but those that would do the like in his brest: the Souldier hath a Martiall law, for such carelesse persons as will not obey the Law of Armes, appointed to maintaine good laws, and to cut off the offenders of the same. In sum, the souldier is the seruant of God onely, the Scholler waites too much of our Lady to do God good seruice. I say not all schollers are so, but I wish that the souldiers were so, but as God is aboue our Lady, so his souldier aboue her scholler to be honored. How say you scholler, will you allow me this, or not?

Schol. Syr, I cannot but allow you this, that the worthy souldier is to be honored aboue the wanton Scholler, but I must say the wise and carefull scholler, is more worthy honour, then the wild and carelesse souldier. But I will a little speake of the scholler, and so I will either haue it, giue it, or grie vpon it. You must consider Sir, we are by

nature all the children of wrath, but by adoption the Children of God.

Now for the Planets, indeed the child that is borne vnder *Mars*, is most fit for battaile, and vnder *Mercurie*, for studie. But he say I, that is borne vnder *Iupiter*, whose parents were borne, the one vnder *Mars*, the other *Mercurie*, he shall haue the operation of *Iupiter* wholy, and partly each of the other in him, and such a fellow say I, will proue the man of honour in deed of all other.

As for example, was not *Marcus Aurelius*, a gallant and worthie Souldier? did he not bestowe great time in his studie? who worte his workes but himselfe? I will not stand vpon examples: was not *Dauid* a braue Souldier? A man worthie of great honour? did he not bestow great time in his Psalmes? had he not as great a delight in his Booke, as in battell? Well, was he not in loue with *Bersheba*? and was he not sorie for it? Well though he serued our Lady a litle, he loued God best, and God loued him for all his offence: and why? for that he left his folie, was sorie for his sinne, and was ashamed of himselfe: he craued mercie in heart, and was therefore receiued into fauour.

Wherefore good sir, condemne not schollers for seruing Ladies, which indeed is your meaning: for *Bersebaes* beautie, bewitched the wits of King *Dauid*, and made him quite forget his Wisedome. Now there are fewe King *Dauids* left for their Wisedome: but for beautie, many *Bersabaes*. If then the world be as full of faire Ladies, as euer it was, and not men of so rare wisedome, blame not schollers for their seruice, nor make souldiers Saints for their mindes to God ward.

But as *Dauid* was both a good souldier, and no worse scholler: and *Marcus Aurelius*, as good a scholler as a souldiour, and were therefore more honored then the vnlearned Captains: so I pray you grant, that the valiant scholler, in honour, is to be preferred before the vnlearned souldier: And that the Scholler is so fit a Companion for the Souldiour

diour, as they cannot well bée one without the other: and béeing togither, doe deserue the greatest honour of all men liuing. There is such a loue and vnion betwixt them, and the one is so necessarie vnto the other, that some men doe thinke, the one and the other is as it were *Alter ipse*: so that they doe deserue like honour, and not one to be higher then the other. Now sir, what say you? Will you thinke so well of the Scholler, or not?

Soul Beléeue mée Scholler, since thou commest so néere mée, welcome: this I must say to thee, I sée thou hast a good minde to a Souldiour: and therfore since thou art entered into trauaile, and I haue bin in some skirmishes, let vs both forget wée are at home: & béeing here, let vs determine to season our selues for all weathers, let our faithful prayer to God, bée our defence against the diuell, and all his temptations: my sword be our defence against bodily enemies, & thy wise counsell my comfort, to arme my selfe with patience. Let vs feare neither fire nor water, care for no weather, faire nor fowle: stick not for night nor day, take what wée finde thankfullie, part it friendly, and spend it mercilie, liue together louingly, and die vertuouslie: so shall wée be spoken of on Earth famously, & liue in Heauen eternally: which that God may graunt vs willingly, let vs fall down presently, & pray heartily, that wée may rise roundly, walke wisely, and speede slickely. What sayest thou Scholler?

Scholl. Oh Syr, right gladly: and since you haue so courteously vouchsafed mée your companie, here I sweare my selfe, your owne at commaundement alwayes, and as much as may bée: I reioyce to haue found you, I hope to liue with you, and neuer to leaue you, so dearely I loue you, that I will die with you, ere I will forsake you: and as you doe loue mée, so put your trust in mée, and this bée sure of mée, that you shall commaunde mée, vntill liues ende, beléeue mée. Now that wée may togither, to the Heauenly place thither, the onely place whither, the scholler espieth, the good souldier hieth: with humble hearts let

vs pray, that wee may walke the waye, that at the latter day, wee may haue cause to say, Truthe will not leade a stray. To which good and blessed place, God graunt vs all his grace, that when wee haue run this Race, that wee may walke apace, that within little space, wee may all face to face, beholde our blessed Lord, whose holy Name with one accorde, let vs with Laude recorde. And so let the Souldiour make much of the Scholler, and trust to the scholler, that her loues the Souldiour, and let vs bee sure of this, when wee doe pray, Iwis, Gods hand doth neuer misse, to worke for our auaile.

THus did the Souldiour, put the Scholler out of his Nothing: and together they are gone, about something: But for that I knowe not what, till I see them againe, I will here bid them farewell, and with my leaue with you well: Promising that if I doe meet them, you shall heare what became of them.

Till when, and euer, God so bleese vs here, that we with ioyfull cheare, may all at once appeare, before his Heauenly Throne, to which his grace alone, guyde vs right euerie one, both Men, Women and Children: I would hee were hanged, that will not say,

Amen.

Mario Mercurius.

N. B.

FINIS.

The Miſeries of Mauillia.

The moſt vnfortunate Ladie, that euer liued.

Firſt found by the ſaid Author, *N. Breton*, Gentleman.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede.

1606.

To the Courteous
and gentle Reader.

ME thinks *I* heare a number ſay, what meanes this fellowe to fill our eares with Miſeries? Why? our eyes are full ynough alreadie: tell vs ſome merry Tale, if thou wilt haue any money of vs. Such *I* anſwere, a Chriſtmaſſe Song is worth a Cup of Ale: *I* am no hyreling for halfepence. And this *I* will tell you, it will do you do harme, but keepe you from worſe exerciſes. It may be, you may think it well done, if not, *I* wiſh it better, and you well.

FINIS.

N. Breton, Gent.

The Argument.

A Sweet young ſoule, in time of tender yeeres
In ſouldiers hands, eſcaped killing neere:
And growing on, did run through many breers,
As in the booke, do plainly follow heere.
Long wandering, in a world of miſeries:
Loathing her life, ſhe lamentably dies.

Her miſeries, in number are but fiue,
Yet in thoſe fiue, fiue thouſand haps of hate
Which ſhe endurde, whiles that ſhe was aliue,
And dide at laſt, in miſerable ſtate.
What need more words, the reſt here follows on
For mourning mindes, to ſit and muze vpon.

FINIS.

THE MISERIES of Mauillia.

What shall I write the Chronicle of mine owne Calamities? Why? The griefe is so great to remember them, as my heart must needs burst ere I can halfe make an end of them. Sorrow lokes long ere it slayes; Care consumes, before it killes; and Death dryes the body into much miserie, before the heart be stroken dead. Oh, Ladies looke vpon me, Princes pitie me, Lords and gentlemen, let some remorse mone you to bemone the marueilous misshaps, of no base person, whom lacke nor gaine, wealth nor want, pleasure nor paine, griefe nor ease, feare nor hope, weale nor woe, one thing nor other, could ence bring downe, to submit her minde to the slauerie of the world: But in spite of Fortune, both Mone and Starres against her, and none but one to comfort her, wandred through this wretched world, escaping the poysoned snares of most pestilent and subtile mindes, breaking the force of wanton affection, and conquering the crueltie of cankred *Cupid*: contening her selfe with all discontent, liued till all worldly mindes were wearie of her companie, and dyed long after shee was wearie of the world, wherein shee had passed such innumerable woes, as fewe will believe, lesse can indure, none but her onely selfe can recount.

But why shall I tell this tale: who takes pleasure in

a Tragedie? Why? myrth is in many places, and ſorrow is no where welcome. Then let me holde my peace: alas I cannot. And why? I haue ſworne to my ſelfe, the world ſhall ſee my miſeries: but what am I the better? Oh yes, ſhould I ſit ſtill and weepe? ſo ſhall I but ſpill mine eyes, and marre mine head. Sit ſtill and ſigh? Alas, ſo ſhall I but abide more ſorrow, wilfully then wilfully: and can my griefe be any thing eaſed by laying my miſeries before me? why? they ſay, that the eye ſins not, the heart rues not. Oh thought is the torment of torments: and can I chuſe but ſee my ſelfe? and by ſight of my ſelfe, to bring in memorie the ſorrowes that I never put out of my mind. What rere I then to record, that I cannot but remember? I muſt keepe mine oath, how ſhall the world wonder at me? ſome mindes pittie me, and other bee warned by me, and all mindes erre when they thinke vpon mis, if I ſay nothing.

Wherefore ſweete friends, that faire Ladies, with their welfare to you, and all the world beſides, I will here vnfolde a Trunke full of ſuch torments, as no minde can well beare, nay any heart but would burſt with the carriage: the verie ſight will affray the eye to looke on it, and the heart will pant with griefe to thinke on it. But ſince I now am gone, that to my liues ende haue borne it, and none I thinke now will dare to meddle with it: nor if they were enioyned, were able to abide it, I will heere ſet it downe to the pitifull viewe of all good people, whoſe wits will conceiue, and wills peruſe, iudgements beleeue, and harts lament, the ſumme of ſuch ſorrow, as neuer was heard of.

IN the troubleſome time of a King vnnamed, in a Countrey to well knowne, a certaine Towne ſacked by ſuch Souldiours, as habde little mercie vpon the harmeleſſe enemies: It was my vnhappie

Parents

Parents hap, (among many other) to fall into the hands of these bloudie fellowes, who embrewing their blades in the aged breasts of my poore Father and Mother: Caring no whit to heare me crie at this cruell act, nor pittying the teares that bitterly fell from an Infants eyes: spurned me at there feete, spet in my face, flung me out of doores to goe seeke my fortune. Whereas I laie weeping, hearing some say, knocke the Elfe on the head, peace squall (quoth another) let her bawle, sayes a vile Boy, be stil you were best baggage (quoth a heard hearted man) with a drawne sword in his hand. Not one would say, alas poore Girle, take her vp, but still must lye vpon the bare earth, till some good mind would take vpon me, or merciless mind wold make an end of me, or else God of his mercy would some way comfort me.

And being then betwixt foure and fine yeares of age, well able to bring out a sword, I cryed, oh Jesu, Jesu, and said, sweete God, though he had many to helpe besides me: Yet, as in the Scripture you may reade, Christ ever loued the little one: so surely (being little and unable to helpe my selfe) he shewed his great mercifull might, in helping me to the hands of a poore Laundresse, that followed the Campe, who taking me into a Cabbin where she kept her Vitling, so intreated with her friend, a Souldiour of the Campe, that he gave her leave to keepe me, (though hardly) yet better then to live in the streetes.

But Lorde, what miserie did I then abide? When my houres of breakefast, dinner, or supper came, then (as I was wont) I called Mother, but I heard no sounde of Daughter. I was wont to be set in lap, and dandled and danced, & colled about the necke, with many a sweete kisse: my father would take me by the chinne, teach me to holde vp my head like a prettie Maide, and then call mee good Gyrle, sweete Mouse, owne Wenche, and Dads Byrd, and in the ende with a prettie smile, please mee with an

Apple, or Peare, or ſome ſuch Childrens toy or other. When I came out of the Parler, happy are they in the Hall, could firſt catch me in their armes, with God bleſſe my ſweete Miſtreſſe: Loue me? yea, oh it is a faire Gentlewoman, who could finde in their heart, to hurt ſuch a ſweete ſoule? The Maidens would ſing me, the neighbours would giue me prettie things, and ſtraungers that I neuer ſawe, would make much of me: and euery prettie Childe would be glad when they might play with me. In ſumme, the worlde went with me.

But nowe, this (ſomething) kinde, but greatly curſt woman, with whome I muſt now make an ill chaunge, to take her for my mother; when I could crie a little drinke, ſome bread and butter, I would go to bed: peace you little whore, would ſhe ſay, learne to lie in the ſtrawe, you are like: tarrie and be hanged, is meate ſo good cheape? I will make you grate on a cruſt, ha, you Monkie, you ſhall haue butter with a birchen rod: then if I cried, take me vp, clap, clap, clap, clap, ſet me downe againe, crie till thy heart burſt, I thinke it longs to be knocked on the head, you were not beſt to keepe ſuch a wrawling, here is a trouble with a Monkie.

Oh, here was a miſerable *Metamorphoſes*, then got ſhe me a Booke, and a ſkeine: now began a new miſeries, when I would be at play, either with the Catte, or a little Dogge, or making of a Babie, of an olde ragged cloute: then would ſhe come with a rodde, come on you Witchen, you will neuer come to good, pull the clout out of my hand, ſlapt it in my face, take me by the ſhoulders, and ſhoatte me downe ſo miſchieuouſlie, that I had more minde to crie, then to my Chriſts croſſe rowe.

But yet at laſt, with much adoe, it pleaſed God to make me ſomewhat apt to my Booke, that within a white

I had learned to reade any place in the Byble, ſo that then ſhe tooke ſome delight in mée, and then ſhe would bis mée ſomewhat more kindly.

Then did ſhe ſet mée to my Néedle, there was an other Miſerie. I muſt learne to make a Water flower, in an old ragge, good enough for a Sampler for mée.
But many a time did ſhée make me prick my fingers, with ſuddaine ſhowing my hands tohither, before ſhée would learne me to hold my Néedle: Many a whyrrit on the eare had I, before I could learne to take two ſtitches, and leave two: with thou vntoward apes face, wilt thou never bée handſome?

But lée how god was God vnto me, yet in theſe my Miſeries, he made me ſo cunning at my worke, that within a while, I could make a prétie hemme, gather a plaine Ruffe, and make plaine worke prételie, ſo that then ſhe began indéede to make very much of mée, with thats a good Oyzle.

But oh what a Miſerie of mind it was to me, to heare that word: alas, then I remembred my good Father, who commonly was wont to ſay ſo, when I held vp my head at his bidding.

But with that Miſerie, lée an other: Anone was I ſet to my worke, and if I wrought well and apace, ſo that I got her any money, then I had a péece of the better bread, and a cuppe of indifferent drinke, or elſe bread and Water, and many an vnpappy bang had I poze wretch.

And thus continued I ſélie Wenche in this Miſerie, till it pleaſed GOD, to graunt mée deliuerance by this bleſſed meane.

The Towne was beſieged, the Walles were ſcaled, the Souldiours entred, ſlewe a number, ſome they ranſommed. This poze Laundreſſe I ſaued the life of, by my humble ſuite to the Captaines:

which being my Countrey men, and knowing my Parentage, hearing my tale of her kindneſſe, (not as I tell it now) but otherwiſe to their content, graunted her life, and with a hundreth Crownes, ſent her by water away, with a poore Fiſherman, with commaundement vpon paine of death to ſee her ſafely conducted to the cheife Citie, that ſhe deſired to goe to. Thus was I now rid of my firſt Miſeries, in my time of infancie, which continued with me, for the ſpace of three yeares and vpwards.

The ende of the firſt Miſerie.

The ſecond Miſerie.

NOw when I had ſent away this olde Vtler, with more Crownes then ſhe was miſtreſſe of many a day before, I now fell to worke, to mend the Captaines Ruffes, to draw vp a breach, as a broken ſtitch: Which done, I went to my booke, which both pleaſed God, and the Captaine liked very well off: and ſo well, as ſeeing mee oftentimes ſit, ſighing by my ſelfe, to thinke vpon my parents death, my loſſe of wealth, my hard life with the Laundreſſe, and my preſent vnhappie eſtate, nothing to my hearts content: One day in the morning, walking about a garden, he called me to him, and there vſed this ſpeech vnto me. Miſtreſſe, &c. I am ſorie to ſee your ſad & heauie countenance: I perceiue though you be young of yeares, God hath bleſſed you with a good wit, praie him his grace to vſe it well: take thankfully the croſſe that he hath laide vpon you, and giue him thanks for his great mercie, in deliuering you out

of

of the hands of your enemies: No man is sure of life, the worlde is variable, you see to day a man, to morrow none: This scourge of Warre, is a plague for our sinnes, and a warning to penitencie. We now haue wonne the Towne, but God knowes how long we shall keepe it.

Wherefore, seeing that I see you growe in yeares, likely in short time to proue a propper Woman, and that now hauing escaped the handes of enemies, I would bee loth you shuld rest neare them, I will send you to such a place with my Page, and such and such Gentlemen my friends, that I know will (for my sake) safely conduct you thither.

What I said to him, I haue now forgot, saue I remember this, that (yeelding him thanks) I beseeched his speedie dispatcht from thence: where being but a foolish Gyrle, I should bee eyther attempted to vanitie, or fall in some too good liking, which (perhaps) one vnworthie, or else in the Captaines absence (the Souldiours somewhat ouerseene,) I might be offered some villanie.

Therfore I had no minde to staie; but thinking euery day a yearetill I was gone, I remember within two or three dayes after, I was sent away, with two or three gallant Gentlemen, and the little Page: By whome the Captaine had sent a Letter vnto a Brother of my Fathers there in the Countrey, to whom he wrote for me, in earnest and friendly sort, as you shall see hereafter.

But first I will tell you of a new Miserie, that by great mishappe befell mee. As wee were trauelling towardes the Towne that wee were determined to goe too, aboue foure score myles distant from the place whence the Captaine sent me, Suddainly, at vnawares, there issued out of a Woodde, a Horseman or two, verie well appointed, who drawing somewhat neare vs, began to charge vpon vs: And to bee short, sette vpon vs, and for the time, (O Lorde) mee thought it was the sorest fight

that neuer was: the Speares flewe in péces, then went the Swoordes cliſh clash: anon they were vnarmed, downe were their Horſſes, and the men on foote, fell to it ſo fiercely, that now one and then another, were cut and mangled ſo ſore, that I was euen halfe dead to behold them.

What ſhall I ſay? long laſted this Combate: but at laſt one had the better bargaine, for firſt the horſſes, and then their Maiſters, were forced to giue the world a farewell.

Oh Lord, that euer ſéely Wench ſhould be borne, to ſée ſuch a day: Iudge now, what Miſeries was I fallen into? my parents dead, their goods gone, I in enemies handes: yet once eſcaped, and ſafe in the Captaines guarde. Nowe looking more libertie, am faine into further danger: in the enemies Countrey depriued of my company, manned but with a poore Boye, and in perill of my life, farre from any Towne, my Horſe runne from mée, and I on foote. How ſhall I do? a hungry ſtomacke will call for meate, meate will not be had without money, money is nans here, except with the dead Souldiers: and alas, my heart will not ſerue mée to rifle a Carkaſſe, but ſée what is ble? The Page is in theyr pockettes, hée is filching for Crownes. But come away Boye, alas, what good will mony do, where there is no meate to get?

Yes Miſtreſſe (quoth hée) you ſhall ſée, God will ſend vs ſome odde Peaſant or other, this way, with a bagge of bread and Cheéſe, who will gladly ſell his dinner for Crownes: if not, I hope to kill ſome odde Pigion in the fielde, or one thing or other, that wee will roſte finely and quickly, and away. Why? alas Boye, howe ſhall wee do for fire? Oh Miſtreſſe, the fire-locke of my Piſtoll, my Match, and a little powder in my Flaſke, and light my Match: and then a fewe rotten ſticks out

of

of the hedge, and a few of these drie Sedges, oh they will burne roundly.

Thus did the poore Boye a while comfort mee, but hauing wandered all that day, that night, and the next morning following, without either meeting any man, or seeing anie thing worth the shoting at for our releefe, and sighing with sorrowe, I prayed God yet to prouide vs some poore repast or other.

Who heard our prayer, and graciously graunted our requests: for hauing passed a little further, wee espied comming towards vs a Cowe, which had a goodly Vdder, to whome wee came nearer and nearer, praying God that shee would stand still, til wee had gotten of her Milke, to comfort our selues withall: and (as GOD would) the poore beast made no haste away, but seemed glad to bee milked, her Vdder was so full: well, thanked be God, here wee sped well.

For in steede of a payle, I tooke my Hatte, and though shee wasthe first Cowe that euer I milked, yet I fell to it so handsomely, that I got my Hatte full: out of which, first my selfe, and then the Page, dranke so heartily, that it sufficed vs for that day, and that wee left in the Hatte, serued vs till the next daye at night. When the poore Page laying him downe vppon a banke side, to take a little rest, being heauie with great wearinesse, forgotte to looke to his little Dogge that hee had vnder his gyrdle, the spring whereof, being started vp, and hee leaning on it, made it of it selfe discharge a bullet into his right hippe, so that hee was not able to rise alone, but laye in such torments, as that I was ready to swoonde with suddaine greefe to behold him. But the little wretche bearing a better heart then his poore Mistresse, made little bones at it. Mistresse (quoth hee) the hurt greeues mee not so much, as to thinke how I am hindred from my heartie desire, to shewe mine humble dutie, in conducting you to your Vncles house.

But

But ſince God hath laide his punithments upon me, I beſeech him to graunt mée his Grace, to take it patiently: alas, I thinke I am the moſt vnhappie Villaine in the worlde. But Miſtreſſe, this is the worlde, a man that hath trauelled many Countreyes, and paſſed great perilles, being tolled in many tempeſtes, among the boyling billowes of ſore Seas, In the ende comes home, and perhappes, walking but thorough his owne ground, his foote ſlips off a Bridge, and is drowned in a ditch: Though I bee but a Boy, I haue beene among men, I haue carried my Maiſters Pike and Target in hote ſkirmiſhes, when the Bullets haue flowne about mine eares, yet alwayes I thanke God, eſcaped hurt: and ſir, now am halfe ſoyled, and no enemie neare mée. But alas, good ſweete Miſtreſſe, weepe not ſo, then you will kill me outright, for the griefe of your ſorrow, will goe nearer my heart, then the hurt by a great deale, you ſhall ſée it will do well.

Alas not this a wilde Boy? yes ſurely, and ſuch a kinde hearted wretch, as it would haue made a heart of ſtone ſo haue bewayled his Miſerie. But nowe in this extremitie, what was to bee done? Alas, how did I deuiſe to helpe this poore maimed Page: Firſt, the blood muſt bee ſtinched, and howe was that done? I remembred, that in time that I lined with the Lawnderſſe, I ſaw a Souldiour come in one day, with a wipe ouer the ſhinnes, that hee lay by ten dayes, ere hee could goe on it. Now a Surgion of the Camp, to ſtinch his bleeding, take certaine droppes of his blood that fell vpon a bottle Wicke, which being dryed, he pared off the Wicke and ſtrewed it into the wounde: which duſt did quickly ſtinch the bleeding. So take I the drops of blood, which being dried againſt the Sonne, fel to powder: which I dried in like maner, and ſo helpt the poore Boy.

His bleeding ſtenicht, the Ladde began to take ſome-

what

what cheerely, and with the water in his eyes, for kinde dutifull loue, with humble thanks, thus speake vnto me. Oh deare Mistresse, how shall I euer liue to deserue this sweete fauour? surely, if I may liue to do you good, I shall thinke my selfe a happie man: surely Mistresse, the world is neare at an ende, when things fall out so contrarie, the Mistresse to serue her seruant. Well, God reward you, I will pray for you, and if I liue I will somewhat deserue this your singular goodnesse. Alas Mistresse, I remember my Maister was wont to vse a kinde of leafe, that growes neare the grounde, there be great strings in it, I thinke they call it a Planten: will you see if there growe any heere abouts? I will make shift to put it into the wound, it will draw it and keepe it cleane, till wee come to some Towne, where we may meete with some Surgion.

No Boy (quoth I) leeke heere growes wilde Isope, and that is good indeede, for the olde Woman that I was withall, I see once beale her hand with it, which thee thrust through with a knife, as thee was opening of Oysters. Euen as you thinke good Mistresse (quoth the Boy). So now wee haue got some helpe for the hurt, our meate was farre to seeke: but God is a good God, and euer will be.

In this miserie, as we sate sighing to thinke how wee should do for meate, comes by a Foxe with a little Lambe on his back, whome first the boy espied, and cried, Mistresse, Mistresse, leeke yonder is a Fox with a Lamb on his back, for Gods sake run to him, and crie now, now, and the Foxe will be afraide, and leaue the Lambe behinde him: and as the boy said, it fell out: the waight of the Lambe being too much for him to run withall, I ouertooke him, and fraying him with a loude crie, hee let fall the Lambe, and away he went: thinke how glad was I of this Lambe. Which bringing to the Boy, good Mistresse (quoth hee) let mee

helpe to flea him: and ſo kindely together we ſate, plucking off the ſkinne, and cutting the quarters the one from the other: which with helpe of the Boyes deuiſe of powder and matche, and the fire-locke of his Dagge, we made a fire and roaſted finely. And I remember oftentimes as I went for ſtickes to make the fire, the poore Boye would ſomewhat yet ſhewe his kinde honeſt deuice. He would entreate me yet to let him turne the ſpit, that was made of an olde ſticke, and as he was turning, to make me laugh, (which was hard to do in this miſerable caſe) he would ſay, Miſtreſſe you are Cooke, and I am Skullion, if I burne the meate, beate me for my labour: who would thinke that ſuch a young Gentlewoman could playe the Cooke ſo prettily? Alas do not burne your fiſh in the fire: God deliuer vs quickly out of this miſerie, and deſende vs from all other. Amen, (quoth I.) Anone he would ſing one merrie ſong or other: Anone he would whiſtle in his fiſt, and by and by tell me a tale of a roaſted Horſe, onely to make me merrie withall, but when he ſawe nothing could make me leaue my heauy thoughts, then fell he to ſighing with me for company, and I might perceiue by little and little, how his ſorrowe of heart more and more increaſed, by the teares that raid euer diſtill downe his cheekes, I was forſt to force a ſmile. Why, weepe not for me Boye (quoth I) I am well enough, and I hope ſhall doe better ere long, I am ſorie to ſee thee in this caſe.

Alas Miſtreſſe (quoth the Boye) it were better I were hanged, then you ſhould be ſo ſadde for me: for Gods ſake let me ſee you merrie, and I ſhall be euen whole withall. Will ye haue an olde ſong? Then would he haue vp a peece of ſtuffe, that would make a Dog halfe dead to laugh at it: Thus with a little pleaſure, we liued in this great miſerie a long time. But oh good God, that ſent vs the good Lambe, to do vs ſo much good, the fleſh ſerued vs many a day, and the ſkinne ſerued to lap about the boyes lame legge,

legge, to kéepe it warme. Which being dreſſed orderly, euening and morning euerie day, within a fewe dayes grew ſo wel, as that he was able to ſet his foote on ground, and then leaning on my ſhoulder with one hand, & reſting on a ſtaffe with the other: wee went onwards through a great Foreſt, where when we had trauelled many a wearie ſteppe, at laſt we came to a great hill, which when he had gone ouer, at the foote thereof, lay a wilde Boare, who when he had eſpied vs, came running with open mouth, and at the poore page he ſtroke, who with the Piſtoll that hée had charged, ſhot him full in the head, but not before he was ſore wounded in the legge: I poore ſoule was in ſuch a caſe, as that heart I had not to fight with the Boare, nor power to leaue the lame boy. But abyding ſtill the ende of the Combat, I ſtinched the blood, bound vp the hurts, and take of the Creaſe of the Boare, to annoint the olde hurt withall. Which done, we wandred on, till anon we came to a poore Cottage, where dwelt a poore Shéepheard, to whoſe houſe when we came, and finding none about the houſe, wee knocked at the houſe, and not remembring common Countrey ſpéech, God be héere: wee heard none aſke who is there, a great while. At laſt comes out a crabbed old Woman, with her daughter: how now, what would you haue? héere is not for you. The Daughter being of ſomewhat younger ſight than the mother, puld her by the arme: mother, mother (quoth ſhe) it is a Gentlewoman, ſhe is in ſilke, and fine, ſhe is as braue as our young Landlady. Is ſhe? then let vs go ſée what ſhe is, I will goe talke with her: and ſo with a Countrey Curſie, Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe) whence come you? and whither will you: what doe you lacke? and what young Loy is that you leade for? God mother (quoth I) a poore Miſtreſſe as it falls out. I came from the Camp, and am going I knowe not whither.

This poꝛe Boy was a Page vnto a Captaine, a friend of my fathers, who with two other Gentlemẽ, was ſent with me to mine vncles houſe, a Gentleman heere in the Countrey. But my friends are both ſlaine by the enemies, who likewiſe at one inſtant, toke al their leaues of the woꝛld together. This little Lad onely eſcaped away with me alone, who by miſfoꝛtune caught a hurt firſt in the thigh with a Bullet, and ſcarce able to go alone, hath heere bene hurt againe by a wilde Boꝛe, at the foote of the hill, ponder by the Wood ſide: but he hath ſlaine him; foꝛ witneſſe, beholde heere is ſome of his greaſe. But becauſe the poꝛe Boy is ſomewhat ſtiffe, with the hurt of his legge, I beſeech you let me haue a Chamber, and a bed foꝛ him, and not of the woꝛſt, I will content you well foꝛ it. Yes Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe) with all my heart, come neere, God be thanked, that the wilde Beaſt is dead: Oh it was a vengeable theefe, her did much hurt heere in the Countrey, many a time hath he made me leaue my burthen of ſticks behinde me: he once fraide my childe here almoſt out of her wits.

Well mother (quoth the Page) I warrant you now, he ſhall do no moꝛe hurt, I am the laſt I warrant you, that is, oꝛ will be ſlaine by the wilde Boꝛe here aboute. Wheꝛefoꝛe good Mother, let vs go in quickly, I find my ſelfe ſomewhat faint with bleeding: Marrie come (quoth ſhe, mine owne ſweete Boy, and therewith ſhe kiſt his cheeke. Oh mother (quoth I) I thanke you, beleeue me, it is the beſt natured Boy on earth.

Thus in we went with him, had him to bed, opened his wounds, waſhed them with Milke, foꝛ lacke of white Wine: and then aſked counſaile of the olde Woman, what was beſt to lay to the hurt. Marry Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhee) we commonly vſe when the wound is not deepe: but berlady, foꝛ this I can tell you what we will do, a little Flagre, and the white of a new laid Egge, mingled with a litle Honey, you ſhall ſee, I will make a medicine foꝛ him:

but

but let him take a ſléepe firſt, oh it will do him good, and a-gainſt he awake, we will haue ſome warme thing made for him. Content good mother (quoth I) with twentie thanks: holde heere is fiue Crownes, take them to you, lay out what you will for Gods ſake, if any good Towne be neare, ſend for ſome white Wine and Sugar, and a bottle of good Ale. Yes Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe) and God his bleſſing on you: whiles this holds, you ſhall not want any thing, and when this is gone, Ile ſell all the Sheep I haue before Ile ſee you miſcarrie. Gramercie, good mother (quoth I) God reward you, and if I liue, and euer be able, I will make you amends. I thanks you ſweete Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe): But ſee, the boy is faſt a ſléepe, let him alone, my daughter ſhall ſit here at the doore to watch when he wakes, and if he need any thing, ſhe ſhall ſee him haue it.

Will you go a little into the Garden and gather a flow-er? (for Cockes my bones) I haue not bid you drinke yet. Come ſhall we haue a meſſe of milke, and a peece of cheeſe? I tell you, though I be but a poore woman, I haue a cup of good Ale in my boote, my good man loues it, and he will haue it, and he is worthie, for why? he gets it. Thus went this old woman and I to our victailes, which I fell luſtily ſauourly: but as we were ſitting, being in Summer time, the Window open againſt vs, the old woman eſpied her Huſband comming home, through his field afore the doore: Now vnder his arme he had a burthen, which the old wo-man marualing at: Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe) looke yonder comes my good man with ſomewhat vnder his arme, I muſe what it is, ſhall we go ſee? Yea mother (quoth I) and ſo we went to meete the olde man, whom when we came neare, we perceiued it was a Hogs head: Maiſter Miſtres (quoth ſhe) what haue my man brought home on Gods name, a Hogs head? how hath he come by it trow? Thus at laſt as we were talking, the olde man put off his Cap, and made a leg or two. What Landlady (quoth he) how do you

your Miſtriſhip? I haue good newes for you, to carry vnto mine olde Miſtreſſe, the wilde Boye is dead, and heere is the head of him.

Oramercie Father (quoth I) for thy good newes, but I pray thee be couered, thou arte deceiued. No faith man, (quoth ſhe) but it is a good Gentlewoman, lacke heere man, what Golde ſhee hath giuen me, ſhee knowes of the wilde Boyes death: heere is a little Lad within that kild him, hee is a ſleepe, oh hee is ſore hurt, when he wakes, we will giue him ſome warme drinke. Is it true Woman (quoth hee?) Yea man (quoth ſhee) I pray you bid this Gentlewoman welcome, and to morrow goe to my Landladies, and tell her of her, I know ſhe will ſend for her, and make much of her, and the Lad too: there hee ſhalbe well tended, and haue better things made him, then we can deuiſe for him. Yes (quoth he) I care not if I goe to morrow morning. Welcome Miſtreſſe (quoth he) I pray you if you lack any thing here, call for it.

Thus as we were talking together, in comes the little Gypſie, mother (quoth ſhe) the Gentlewomans Boy would haue his Miſtreſſe. Oh Lord (quoth I) let me goe to him, ſo to him we went all, aſked him howe hee did? Miſtreſſe (quoth he) well, and better (quoth he) I ſhall be ſhortly, for I ſeele my ſelfe at a good point, I am content to goe whither God doth call me. With that word, I ſunke preſently downe to the ground, and lying in a traunce a petie while, at laſt I came to my ſelfe againe: when looking on the poore Boy, I was ready to fall dead againe. Good Miſtreſſe (quoth he) be contented, doth it greeue you, to thinke I ſhould goe to Heauen? beleeue me, but for you I would not wiſhe to liue any longer. Mother (quoth he) to the olde woman here hold this Purſe full of Golde. I take it out of the dead Captains pockets: take it, ſpend it, but let not my Miſtreſſe want. And here is an other for my Miſtreſſe, lay it vp for her, till ſhee demande it, but do not keepe it from her for Gods ſake.

Father,

Father, looke well to my good Miſtreſſe, it is the beſt Gentlewoman that euer was borne: oh what paines ſhe hath taken with me, in dreſſing my wounds, in leading me vp and downe, not able to helpe my ſelfe. Alas, her Parents are dead, and ſhe farre from her friends, her yeares but young, her ſorrows great, her comfort ſmall, and ſhe alone: If you ſhould not vſe her well, you will ſome kill her, and God will plague you: good father remember my words. And good miſtreſſe, ſince I muſt needs bid you farewell, let me kiſſe your hand, for the honour I beare vnto that moſt noble and vertuous heart of yours, which I knowe will pray vnto God for me. Here my ſweete Miſtreſſe, take this Pearle Joye, ſet it in the Ring that hangeth at mine eare, weare it for my ſake, and God ſend you great ioy withall.

Here is the Letter that my Maiſter ſent vnto your Vncle, the Waxe is ſo dried, that it is almoſt open: I beſeech you reade it, though my capacitie be but groſſe, yet ſure I had a great delight in hearing of my Maiſters talke, or to heare diuers of his Letters reade. Therefore ſince this is the laſt that euer I looke to heare good Miſtreſſe, leaue your teares weeping, and do me this fauour. With much ſobbing and ſighing, as beſt as I could, I read him theſe lines.

¶ To the right Worſhipfull his very good *friend, Maiſter H. F. Gouernour of ſuch a Towne. This with all ſpeed poſſible.*

COmmendations conſidered, with thanks not forgotten, for continuall courteſies, preſent good will doth ſende you this newes of our late good hap. So it is, that wee haue had a ſore conflict with the enemie, loſt many of our men, & put to hard puſhes. But in the end, wee droue them to retire, followed them to their Fort, droue them out of their Skonce, home to their doores, layde batterie to the walls, made breaches in many places, entred the Towne, and by Gods help got the victorie, to God be giuen the glorie.

Nowe in the Towne, wee found none of our Countrey-men, nor women, but this little ſoule, your neere Neece: whoſe hazards and hard vnhappie life, I referre it to her owne report, God hath done his part in her, and the wenche is well minded. I am glad to haue found her, I loued her parents well: for whoſe and for my ſake, I pray you vſe her well, ſhee is worthy to be made much of: let this Page attende on her, and ſende theſe Gentlemen backe againe to mee with all ſpeede, that I may heare of her ſafetie, which I greatly deſire. No more, but God keepe you:

From the Campe, this preſent and alvvaies.

Your Friend to commaund, F. VV.

Oh Lorde, what a worlde of miseries brought this Letter to my minde? First, the remembrance of my Parentes death, then my harde life with the Lawndresse, my liberty got by the Captaine, his fauour so greatly extended, so little to my good, the death of the gallant Gentlemen, my harde escape with the Boye, our perplexitie for lacke of meate, the Boyes vnhappie hurte, and last of all, his most deadlie wound by the wilde Boze: which of these was the most grieuous thought? And then what griefe was it to think of them all togither? Well, to set me in further extremitie of sorrowe.

When I had read the Letter: Mistresse (quoth the poore Boy) now I thanke you, I see I was sent purposely to attend vpon you, now I trust, I haue performed my dutie, I can but ende my life with you. Farewell, good Mistresse, once againe let me kisse your hand: Which when I gaue him, he clapt it earnestly to his lippes, and kist it twentie times togither. And fetching a deepe sigh, held vp his eyes, and called to God for mercie: and with these last words, farewell good Mistresse, the good poore wretch let goe my hand, and gaue vp the Ghost. But Lord how I cried, Jesus how the old folke wept, & with teares intreated me to take it patiently. God God how the little Girle cried, Mother, mother, Father, father. And oh sweete Christ, howe then my heart throbbed, and was readie to burst, with griefe to thinke I had no Father, no Mother, no companion, no Page, no friend, no bodie to haue any comfort in. Well, this was such an houre of sorrowe, as neuer poore soule endured: and thus I continued, till what with entreatie of the olde folkes, that had me out of the rowme where the Boy lay, with pittie to see the olde folkes lament with me: and with crying so much, I could crie no longer, and with Gods gratious perswasion, I take it as quietlie as I could, and for that night I got me to bedde, where

how little I ſlept, I leaue to indifferent iudgements.

The ende of the ſecond Miſerie.

The third time of Miſerie with the Sheep-heards wife.

NOwe, the next morning when I awaked (hauing had little reſt all night.) comes the old Woman to call me vp, Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe) you will but hurt your ſelfe with lying in bed, come you muſt learne to riſe a litle earlyer houſie. Oh God thought I, nowe doe I feare, that afterwardes fell out: the Boy they carried out to buriall to a Church a mile off, but would not let me follow him, except I would put off my apparell, and put on an old ruſſet Peticoate of her daughters: which I was contented to do, for the good will I bare vnto the Boy in his life, I would ſee him buried, though I had gone in a peece of an olde ſacke, as (alas) that was a little better. Well, nowe began a new Miſerie, after I had (with ſorrowe enough) ſeene the Boy buried, I returned home, as one as ready to go to the graue as he. But Lord, to ſee the villany of theſe olde folkes, the olde Woman had deuiſed, and ſo had ſchooled her Huſbande, to ſay as ſhee ſayde, that I and the poore Boy, were Brother and Siſter: that walking vp the Foreſt, ſhee found lying in a highe way, begging of Almes, and for that we were a couple of pretie Children, ſhee had a minde to vs, and for pitie tooke vs home. Nowe the Boye was ſomewhat ſickly with fruite, Berries, Plummes, and ſuch geare that he had eaten abroade, that when he came to good lod-

ging, and good dyet, he euen turned vp his héeles. This was I also threatned to say, or else I were as good, &c. Nowe thinke of my extreame Miserie, my last worldly comfort, my good companion, the poore Page, gone. Alas that euer I was borne, I dye to thinke what woes I now was to endure.

Now being come home, I was euen faire set to hemming, of such Hempen stuffe, and with such needle and thread, as my tender fingers were neuer vsed too: but now must of force learne to acquaint my selfe withall. But it was euen a péece of worke fit for mée at that time, for mine eyes were so sore with weeping, for the death of the poore Boye, that I was not able scarce to sée the threads, as great as they were. Oh vilde Creatures, of such cankred mindes, who could be so hard hearted? Now was my poore Pages words forgotten. Now were my crownes that should haue bene my comfort, fallen out to be the ground of all my calamitie.

For not manie dayes after, when the olde Woman, and her good man, had tolde ouer their Golde, and sawe well what summe it did amount vnto: then fell the olde fellowe, to purchase a peece of Lande, and a fayre house vpon it. And nowe Jacke will bée Gentleman, no longer a Shéepheard: now Shéepheards must make a legge, and doo reuerence to this fellowe But Lord, how ilfauouredlie the olde Woman could Gentlemoman it. Well, now began my Miserie indeede, to sée my money laide out for others commoditie, and I nothing the better, but a great deale the worse for it: Oh it kilde my heart, and yet I could not dye, and kill my selfe I would not, for feare of Gods displeasure: for desperation, is the high way to damnation, God deliuered mée from that ill thought. So then passing on the time, as well as I could, I was now sent into a Miserie of Miseries, I must both become a double seruant, and halfe a Mistresse.

I muſt ſerue the olde Woman, I muſt learne to ſpinne, to reele, to cards, to knitte, to waſhe buckes, and by hande, bꝛewe, bake, make Mault, reape, binde ſheaues, weede in the Garden, Milke, ſerue Hogges, make cleane theyꝛ houſes, within doꝛes, make beddes, ſweepe filthy houſes, rubbe dyꝛtie ragges, beate out the olde Couerlets, dꝛawe vp olde holes: Then to the Kitchin, turne the Spitte, although it was but ſeldome, foꝛ wee had not Roaſt meate often: then ſcoure Pottes, waſhe Diſhes fetche in Wood, make a fire, ſcalde milke Pannes, waſh: the Cherne, and buter diſhes, tꝛying vp a Cheeſe cloute, ſet euery thing in good oꝛder. And alas, to all this was but another Maide and I, and it was ſuch an ydle dꝛoyle, that ſhee would almoſt doe nothing but ſléepe, ſo that the greateſt parte of the woꝛke was turned to my hand.

Now foꝛ all my paines, I was faine to content my ſelfe with a cup of ſoure whigge, oꝛ a diſhe of ſoure milke, and a crouſt of bꝛowne black bꝛead: lye vpon a Matte at night, in one cheéte, and that ſo courſe, as euerie thꝛéde was ready to runne thꝛough my ribbes. Iudge Gentlewomen how little was my reſt, yet vſe made mée in time (tho long,) abide it a little better then at firſt.

This life continued I. till the peece of Lande, and the fayre houſe was purchaſed, then was other Maides taken in, and I put to another office, a greater miſerie to my minde then that before.

Now foꝛſothe, I muſt attende vppon my young Miſtreſſe, the olde Womans Daughter, the moſt ill-fauoured and vntowarde Wꝛchin that euer was boꝛne: This baggage muſt I goe teache her Booke, and foꝛſothe, touch her I muſt not, but good Miſtreſſe looke on your Booke: yea, that is a fayre Gentlewoman, when ſhée ſaide neuer a woꝛde, but I was faine to ſpeake foꝛ hꝛr: if I complained of hꝛr, then, Oh you thinke much of your paynes, would you haue her Reade as well as you the firſt daye:

goe,

goe, come not to mee with such twittle twattle, then goe to the Gyrle, ha Mouse, doth she say thou wilt not learne? Marrie she lyes: Holde heere, wilt thou haue a Plum or an Apple? yea marrie, it is a good Gyrle: then was I gladde to get Apples and Peares, and such geere to bring her to the Booke. And then the Apish Elfe, for my heart, would not say a worde, so that I could not for my life, but giue her a little flap on the shoulders: and if I did but euen touch her, the Monkie would set out the throate, and crie so vengeouslie, that to it must the mother come, and then, howe now gyrle? tell mee, doeth shee beate thee? Minion, you were not best touch her, see you? the Wenche would learne well inough, and you were willing to teach her, well, you were best vse her gently, least yee fare the worse for it, and so away shee goes.

Nowe would I sitte weeping for greefe, that the squall would learne no faster: and if the hylding had gotte out of my sight, that then shee had runne padling about out of my sight, and by chaunce spotted any of her cloathes, or taken a fall, (and yet it was olde inough) beeing betwixt seauen and eight yeeres of age, to goe alone. Yet as I saye, if ought were amisse with her, I was checkt, snibd, called prowde Minkes, rated like a Dogge, and nowe and then beaten so extreamely, if the Olde crone were in an angrie moode, as shee was seeldome little better. But yet the olde Man (I remember) many times, when shee was laying on mee with a Faggot sticke, hee would come and plucke her off mee, and say: why wife forbeare her, doe not vse her so cruelly, let vs not altogither forget our selues: Wife, wee are the better for her, remember the Boyes wordes, and surely God will plague vs for it. Tushe, woulde shee say, meddle with your men, let mee alone with my Maides, you are but a soole, you were best prate that all the worlde may heare you. Foote, I thinke you are madde, and I be plagued, you shall not be the worse for it, I warrant you,

this would the olde Man, yet ſomewhat ſpeake for mee, and if ſhe were in the waye, then was I the better at quiet: and manie times I did marke the olde fellowe, who for kind heart, yet to thinke of my abuſe, he would fetch a deepe ſigh or two, and ſo with the water in his eyes, her would goe away from her.

Now when ſhe was out of doores, ſhe would come to mee, and ſometime out of his pocket her would pluck a peece of White bread and Roſt meate, that her would ſteale from his Wife, and giue mee in ſecrete, and nowe and then hee would plucke me forth a peece of Golde or two, and bid me lay it vp for my marriage, if ſhe ſhould die before his Wife. Why? ſhe was ſo harde hearted, that ſhe was afrayde I ſhou'd haue nothing. Thus was yet the good olde Man ſomewhat kinder hearted of the two, and the money that I had of him from time to time, I would laye vppe as hee bade mee. But in his abſence, thus continued I in the olde Womans handlings, till it pleaſed God for her wicked minde, to laye his plagues vpon her. After I had paſſed away three or foure yeares with her in this Miſeries, then fell the olde Woman ſicke of the Gowte, which held her ſo ſore in the Feete, Toes, Fingers, Knees, and almoſt in all her ioyntes, that ſhe could neither goe, ſitte, ſtand, nor lie in reſt: Oh, ſhe was ſo extreamely tormented, that (notwithſtanding all her cruelties towards mee,) it grieued mee euen at the heart, and made mee ſhead many a teare to ſee her in ſuch taking: but yet I had ſuch a Miſerie with her, in this time of her ſickneſſe, that almoſt would haue killed mee but mee: Such an euill ſent of Oyntments and Medicines, that ſhe layde to her lame Ioyntes, ſuch a doe in making her readie, and hauing her to Bedde, ſuch a filthie ſight to ſee her ſpitting vppon the Walles, ſuch a vile ayre as daily was in her Chamber: what with her filthie Fleame that ſhe ſpitte about the Chamber, and with the beaſtlie ſweate of her vnwholeſome fleſhe, that a Dogge

would

would haue ſcarce beene able to abide the roome. Yet was I enforced ſtill to tarrie, ſometimes ſo long, till I was almoſt ſtifled, and oft conſtained to make all her Medicines, ſo loathſome to my ſtomacke, that I was oft ready to ſwound with fulneſſe of the ill ayre, that it did halfe ouercome me.

This wearie life lead I, till it pleaſed God to take away this curſed creature out of the world, whoſe couetous minde, euen at the houre of death, called for the keyes of her Cheſt, and ſcarce contenting her ſelfe to call to God for mercie; without either minde of the Pages wordes, or any good ſeruice, or chiefely of Gods diſpleaſure: her husband, her Daughter, and one or two of her neighbours about her, with the keyes in her hand, not giuing me one great, in a ſuddaine ſore pang (halfe frantick) dyed.

This miſerable life continued with me for the ſpace of foure yeares, or there abouts, and longer had continued, had not God by her death ſent me comfort, which laſted not long. For that now hauing paſſed a fewe dayes in ſome better eſtate with this olde Widower, then I had done, in the time of his wiues (it goes againſt my ſtomack to tearme her mine olde miſtreſſe) life. This old man being as it were betwixt fiftie and threeſcore yeeres of age, and ſomewhat ſickly, made me his Nurſe, I muſt looke to him, make him broaths, haue him to bedde, make him readie in the morning, warme his ſlippers, and his ſtaffe ende, keepe his chamber cleane, which was ſo filthie with his ſpitting, that it greeued me to come into it. Beleeue me, it is no little Miſerie to a young minde to be an olde mans Nurſe: well, yet for his kinde and honeſt vſage of me, I could farre better away with him, then with the olde Woman, which hee ſeeing, made verie much of mee, and committed vnto my charge the keyes of his counting houſe, where his money lay, the keyes of his Cheſts, and in a manner the charge of all his houſe.

Now

Howe in this good life, I continued but two monthes, when the olde man fell verie ſore ſicke, and being in great daunger of death, ſent for one or two of his neighbours: of which, in one he did repoſe his ſpeciall truſt, for performaunce of his will. Which finding himſelfe verie weake and faint, he made verie ſhort: but I remember thus much he ſayde of me. God Coſen, I beſeech you be good to this Wench, let her haue the fiue hundreth pounde that I giue her: my Daughter ſhall haue a good portion enough, beſides her Landes. I pray you take care to ſee this Wench doo well, let her not lacke any thing: I and mine haue beene the better for her, ſo God bleſſe her, and all you. God haue mercie vpon me: and ſo calling me to him, taking me by one hande, take his Daughter by the other, and willed her take me by the hand: Which done, firſt he kiſt her, and then me, and after vttered his laſt ſpeech. Daughter, thou knoweſt howe well this Wench hath deſerued at our handes: as your handes, ſo let your hearts be ioyned, ſhe hath brought you that, you are the better for, and taught you that, you are bound vnto her for. As either thou loueſt me now, or euer doſt thinke to haue loue at Gods hand, make much of her, and in all reſpects, vſe her as thy ſelfe: I am not able to talke any longer vnto you. God bleſſe you both. God Coſen remember my wordes for Gods ſake, looke well to this Wench, and make much of her: Lord haue mercie vpon me, and ſo fare you well. Thus dyed the good olde man, and thus ſprung a new my ſorrowfull Miſeries, which fell out as followeth.

The ende of the third Miſerie.

The

The fourth Miserie.

While I was weeping, almost mine eyes out, with sorrow of this good old mans death, the executors, as careles of his words, as he and his wife of my poore pages speech. No sooner was the life well out of the body of him, and he scarcely cold, but they came to me for the keyes of all the Chests in the houses: and presently tooke an Inuentorie of all things belonging to the houses. Which (while they were doing) what cōspiracie was wrought against me, the courtous villains (loath to let me haue the summe bequeathed vnto me) wēt vnto a maide in the house, who enuying my title fauour, and credit with the old man, did agree (by their perswasions, and bribes together) to accuse me of felony in this sort. So out she comes among them.

Syr (quoth she) to the trusted carelesse man, the chiefe Executor, haue you not the keye of such a Chest: pointing to mine: no (quoth they) not yet. Well (quoth she) there is something in it, worth the searching for. So then they came to me for the keye, which in that sorrow of minde, making as little account of the Chest, Keye, or that was in it, as of my selfe, I tooke it to them: wherewith presently they went vnto the Chest, and the maide with them. To whom (before my face) they gaue the one halfe part of my mony, and the other to the poore, calling mee hypocrit: call queane, I mought leaue my weeping well inough: ah young whore, had she cozoned the old man of so much money?

So then they came to me, and asked me how I came by all that money? I tolde them (as it was) by gift of the

olde Man, and wherefore. For that (quoth I) he thought me worthie of no leſſe, as was well ſeene by that hee had further bequeathed me. Yea quoth the vilde Maide) much giuing: I will tell you what, my miſtreſſe knew her fashions well inough, ſhe was the death of her: you may ſee how ſhe loued her, ſhe would not giue her a groats. But ſhe had the paine of mine olde maiſter, alike my young miſtreſſe heere, ſhee was ſo prone after mine olde miſtreſſe death, that ſhe would be haile fellow with her: Yea (quoth ſhe) that ſhe would.

Now now minks (quoth the chiefe Executor, the author of all this villanie) how like you this geare? You ſhall haue fiue hundred pounds, yea marrie ſhall you, for robbing the olde man of his goods. Oh, you will make a trimme peece, if you holde on as you begin. This is well for a beginning, I ſee you loue to begin betimes. Yea ſyr, (quoth the arrant honeſt mayde againe) I am ſure ſhe ſtole it from my Maiſter: for diuers times when he had ſent her into his Counting houſe, ſhe would ſerue her ſelfe as ſhee liſt: Now ſhe thought becauſe ſhee had inough, it would neuer be miſſ. I had tolde him of it long ago, but that no body might be welcome to him with any ill tale of her. And therefore till now, I neuer ſaid any thing: but, becauſe I ſee her haue ſo much bequeathed her, and yet will not confeſſe it of her ſelfe, I haue thought good thus to bring it to light.

I haue ſeene her my ſelfe, when ſhee hath put three or foure peeces of Golde into her Cheſt at once. And therefore now you ſee what ſhe is, thinke of her accordingly.

Yes marrie (quoth the Executor) that I will. And ſo ſending for the Conſtable, who with mine accuſer this Maide, ſent me before an vniuſt Iuſtice, who hauing heard mine accuſation, when I began to anſwere for my ſelfe, cut me off ſhort: And with a ryde huſwife,

the

the worlde is to full of such: Bidde away with me to the Gayle, whither (in hope of death, wearie of life,) I went as willingly, as to a place of greater pleasure: where, how wofully I passed the time, I leave to the iudgements of such as have escaped thraldome, and live at libertie.

This onely I will recite, the filthy ayre of the place, pestered with infectious persons, the lesse of light, (the comfort of the minde) in so darke a hole, as one could scarce see one another, the harde lodging upon the bare earth: the hearing of songs, laughings, and other tokens of mirth of Passengers that went by the doore, that lived at libertie: the hunger and thyrst so great, and reliefe so little, and last of all, the companie of such wretches and accursed creatures, as in their criminall offences had passed the bounds of Christianitie: such vile behaviour among them, such blaspheming of GOD, such cursing of the worlde, such desperate inventions, such filthy complexions, and such beastly conditions, such fighting on one side, and sobbing on the other: such weeping, such wayling, such wringing of handes, and sometimes such terrible cryes, as were inough to pearce through the Walles, or at the least, breake the hearts of them that were within them: Oh most miserable life.

Well, this life continued so long, till the time of Sessions came, that the Prisons should be emptied, Prisoners should be called, the guiltie condemned and executed, and the guiltelesse discharged.

Nowe when the time was come, and I among the prisoners sent for to the Barre, and my accuser there, ready to tell her tale against me, the Shepheards daughter (by me made the young Gentlewoman, in time of my imprisonment being married) came with her Husband to see and heare mine arraignment.

Now as I ſtoode at the barre, ſo ſoone as I beheld her, I ſwounded, but anon being called to the barre againe, I held vp my hand: and being aſked guiltie or not, looking againe vpon this young Gentlewoman, being great with childe, Oh my Lord, (quoth I) let that young Gentlewoman with the great belly anſwere for me: for I can ſay nothing for my ſelfe. Guiltie? I ſhould condemne my ſelfe. Not: you would aſke, how I would be tryed: and I would anſwere, by God and this young Gentlewoman, and none elſe. *Suſanna* was accuſed by two of the Elders: little *Daniel* deliuered her, by the iuſt will of God. This olde Miſer, and this maide my accuſers. God by this gentlewoman, may ſhew to be as vntrue as they. Gods will be done, I will ſay no more, bid your authoritie, I feare not death.

This Gentlewoman hearing my ſpeach, conſidering my caſe, remembring what good ſhe had got by me, not forgetting her Fathers wordes: and laſt of all fearing Gods high diſpleaſure, ſuddenly kept downe vnto the Barre, beſeeching the Iudges to cauſe my Irons to be knocked off, which they graunted: take me by the hand, and falling on her knee before the Iudges, pronounced theſe words.

My Lords, to dally with the world in ſome cauſes, is daunger of death: but in ſuch a cauſe as this, to dallie with God, may purchaſe damnation: oh my Lords, I am to aſke God great forgiuenеſſe, for my hainous offence, in ſeeing her Miſeries ſo great, without redreſſe or releaſe vnto his houſe. Her impriſonment for mine offence, her arraignement for my felony, and her diſcredit and defame, for my default. My Lord, indeede the money was my fathers, and I ſtole it: the day before he fell ſicke, I found the keyes of his Cubbord, I tooke out the money, and finding the Cheſt open, threw it into it, and couered it with the ſame Napkin, as it was found, minding to

haue

haue caried it to mine owne Chest: but hearing one come vp the stayres, I flung it in thither for haste, fearing to be discried before I should get to mine owne Chest, standing two Chambers off, but meant, when they that came vp the stayres were gone, to haue taken it out, and caried it into mine owne Chest: but vp comes she her selfe, and as she past by her Chest, (finding it open) she clapt downe the lid, and so lockt it.

Now my Father comming home very sicke, she went to him, made a fire in his Chamber, watcht by him all night, and vntil he died, neuer stirde from him. Now the Waite perhaps, seeing me, and thinking that we two had beene halfes in this bootie, enuying this poore Gentlewomans deserued fauour, and yet not daring to accuse me, hath heere wrongfully accused her, bitterly guiltlesse of the matter, or knowing of the money: Though being taken of suddaine, in extremitie of sorrow, she said she knew not what.

But now my Lordes, that you haue the offendour, discharge the Prisoner, and if the Daughter for robbing of her Father, deserue death, let me haue iudgement without further Lawe? Now were the Iudges appalde, the people amazed, the Husbande astonied at his Wiues tale, mine accusers afraide, my selfe a little comforted. But yet seeing the kinde nature of the yong Gentlewoman, that would rather wrongfully cast her selfe, and her little one, both away, then for iudgement passe vpon me vntruely, my heart was so full of sorrowe, with a deepe sighe, I brought out these wordes: My Lord, the Lord of Lordes he'd knowe this tale to be vntrue, and her vnguiltie. For in deede I take the money, but giuen, not stole: I laid it in my selfe, not giuen me, I owe for any ill deseert, but vpon good will, and that vpon good cause. Shall I say mine accusers haue done me wrong? yea, they haue accused me of money stolne, found in my

Cheſt, the money they founde, I not denie, the ſtealing let them approue. I am but a young Wenche, God be on my ſide, I care not who be againſt me, notwe let mine accuſers ſay theyr myndes. With that came the Mayde to the Barre. My Lordes (quoth ſhe) to cleare both theis perſons, of this Felonious crime, I heare craue pardon of God, for wrongfull accuſation of this guiltleſſe Priſoner, forgiuenesſe at her hande, for the wrong I haue done her, and of my young Miſtreſſe, for the hurt I haue wrought her, beeing with Childe, to bring her to this arraignment, where ſhe would bring her ſelfe vnto, as vntimely, as vndeſerued a death, and with confeſſion of offence, ſhame of the ſame, of you my Lorde, and all the world beſides, humblie beſeeching pardon, I will heere vnfolde the ſecret of all this endightment.

My Lorde, it is not vnknowne to a number here preſent, that I haue bene a long time Seruant of the Sheepheards: this Priſoner I knewe, ſince the firſt houer of her comming to this houſe, not brought home (as mine olde Miſtreſſe ſayde) but comming to her boze by chaunce, trauelling with a Page (in company with her,) who was the death of the wilde Boze in the Sandie hill: which Combat coſt him his life, it were a Tragedie, to tell you the diſcourſe of her comming thither: but this in briefe, the Boye that was buried heere at Whitſontide laſt, was hee, who brought with him ſuch ſtoze of Crownes, as purchaſed the Lande that my Maiſter left my Miſtreſſe. Now whether ſhe had good cauſe to loue her oz not, I referre to your iudgements.

My Lorde, the money my Maiſter gaue her, in her curſt Miſtreſſe time, to helpe her yet toward her Marriage, if ſhe ſhould chaunce to die before his Wife, whoſe couetous minde (ſhe feared) would affoꝛd her little oz nothing: Shee hath beene a good Miſtreſſe they might ſay, (if they were now living) vnto them: and I will now ſay, for a Seruant,

there

there was neuer a truer, more painefull, nor kinder hearted Wenche in the worlde, no fault in her but to much sorrowe, (which well considered) was cause to much for any good Gentlewoman in the worlde. And my Lord, a Gentlewoman shee is, for proofe here is a Letter that shee brought with her to the house, shee lost it, and I found it, and vntill this day haue kept it. Therewith shee gaue him the Letter, which as hee perusing, my Lorde (quoth shee) if there be anie Theefe, it is I, who by false accusation of an other, would openly steale her money out of her Chest, honestly come by. Wherefore, if Law passe vpon any, let me haue it, that most iustly haue deserued it. With that, stept vnto the Barre, the olde Executer, the authour of all the accusation. My Lordes (quoth he) the Maide hath tolde a true tale, and sufficient to approue both the other guiltlesse, yet hath shee not tolde what shee might: shee is not onely guiltie, but another more worthy death, which is the author of all this mischiefe, and that is I, who seeking to defeate the Gentlewoman of the summe bequeathed her, with fayre wordes perswaded, and with Bribes enticed this Maide vnto this villanie. Who being payde, and hauing receiued the one halfe of that I found in the Chest, was content heere to confirme her accusation. But nowe hauing the feare of God before her eyes, repents her of the fact, and craueing pardon, hath betrayed the whole effecte of our most villainous treacheries: If then, a Theefe that would robbe a Virgin of her Dowry, entise a maide to folly, and seeke the death of a guiltlesse person by such vnchristian conspyracie, be worthie to deserue death, let me haue my desert, for I desire it.

Nowe Jesus bleese vs, (quoth a number of the people,) who euer heard of such an arraignement? A great while there was such a noyse among them, that till silence was cryed, wee could not heare the Judges: at last when all was still.

Gentle-

The Miſeries

Gentlewoman (quoth the Iudge) by your Letter that I haue read, I ſee what you are, and whence you come, of your trauaile, I will talke more at home with you. From your acculation I diſcharge you, and this order I take before you. The Gentlewoman there with you, for that ſhee is with Childe, I committe to your Iudgement, after her deliuerance what puniſhment ſhee ſhall haue to content you: Her lands and goods, (as your owne of right) I giue you. The Maide for her acculation, ſhall preſently as you will, be handled before you, her money receiued, ſhee ſhall repay you. The Executor ſhall paye you double the ſumme bequeathed you: his Lands and goods ſhall be confiſcate, for the conſpiracy againſt you, and his death you ſhall ſee (if you will) to ſatiſfie you: if not, ſay what you will, it ſhall be done, we will graunt it you

Then my Lordes (quoth I,) the Gentlewoman ſhall haue her Land and liuing ſtill, in recompence of her kinde loue, in offering her life for mee. The Maide ſhall haue her money ſtill, for reuealing the villanie, her pardon I graunt, for confeſſion of the offence, & henceforth I will that ſhee ſhall attende vppon mee. And the Executor ſhall paye mee my money bequeathed mee, and hee and the Maydes ſhall aſke me forgiuenelle before all this companie, and I will heartily forgiue their conſpiracy. God my Lord graunt me this fauour, and ſo to morrowe, or ſometime ere long, this Gentlewoman and I will wayte vpon you, till when, and alwayes, God preſerue you.

Content (quoth hee) ſo order was taken, the offendors aſked forgiuenelle, pardon was graunted: Other Priſoners were called, and I with the Gentlewoman departed: and into the Countrey wee came to a very fayre houſe of her Huſbands, who made mee great welcome, and vſed mee exceeding well. But ſee, I was borne in an vnhappie houer, and vnder an vnhappie Planneth, for not

long

long this good hap lasted with mee, but an ill and sore ill hap befell mee as followeth.

The ende of the fourth Miserie.

¶ The fifth Miserie.

After I had passed awaye in indifferent pleasure, the space of two yeares with this Gentlewoman. Nowe did diuers Gentlemen become Suters vnto mee, one must be Seruant, another my Fellowe, one my Friende, another my friendly Enemie: another my selfe, another my Trust, another my Loue, one this, and another that. Nowe among all these was one, (that I called my Seruant) by birth a Gentleman, and of no worse behauior, of personage a proper man, and for his vertues, a rare man as could be found in a whole Realme: This Gentleman began in iest, to make loue vnto mee, perswaded mee, he loued me dearely, and that so entirely: as that except I would afforde him fauour, hee would fall into such desperation, as I should be sorie to beholde. Now began I to think this of my selfe, I am heere a straunger in this Countrey, this Gentleman is well knowne: I haue bene in great disgrace, though wrongfully: hee was neuer dishonored, that I could heare off, his personage is sufficient to please a dainty eye, his qualities are of the best to be commended, his speech is such as may allure a wiser then my selfe, to giue eare vnto it; the contents of his words well considered, would moue a harde heart to compassion: and what a griefe were it to a good minde, to driue a man into desperation? surely, hee can not dissemble with me so deepely, his vowes are sufficient to perswade me to a good beleefe, yet young men can vse faire words: why? fowle words are not worth the hearing. Oh faire words come of flatterie, and Louers can lie vilely.

When it is full ſea, ſweete baites for Fiſhe, but the Fiſhe that are frayde, will ſwimme along by the Line: though ſome ſelfiſh Fiſhe will leape at a flie, and be caught with a hooke. The worlde is ſo full of craft, that I knowe not what to doo, ſay, nor thinke, almoſt to auoyde the ſnares of ſubtill mindes. I haue hearde much talking of Loue, and no little harme that hath befallen Louers. Let mee then take heede betimes, if Fancie be once caught, it is but Follie to repent. What ſhall I doo? graunt him Loue, then when hee hath it, hee will make no account of it: for the rareſt things in the Worlde once obtained, within a little while is little let by. And loue of all other things, laſteth the leaſt while, for to daye I loue dearely, to morrowe reaſonable, next day indifferently, next day a little, to morrow I am not in loue, next day almoſt out of loue, and one daye more, farewell loue.

But now let me ſee, whereupon doth hee now move his ſute? What? haue I played the wanton, in ſmiling lookes, which might giue ſuſpition of lightneſſe? and ſo hee thinks good (being a proper man) to ſet in ſute firſt before an other? thinking perhappes that a laſſie Eyde is ſone gotte, with gallant ſpeeches: no ſore, I doo not thinke but I haue more care of my credite, then to ſhewe ſuch ill countenance, then that is no grounde of his Ryte. What then? am I ſo proper a woman of perſonage, or ſo faire of face, as that euery man that ſees me, ſhould be in loue with mee? Much in faith, then this is no cauſe of it: is hee in loue with my money? Alas, what is fiue hundreth pounds, to make a man madde for? money is good ware, and much made off. But what then? if hee ſhoote at my money, hee will make the more of me for it. Why? if I had nothing, who would care for mee? doeth he ſee any vertues in mee, for which hee doth honour mee? Perhaps he gueſſeth I haue a good minde, and hee is not deceiued in mee.

I gueſſe likewiſe of him, I praye God hee doo not deceiue mee.

me: as for my money, surely he needes it not, he may well enough line without me. Well, good minded will thinke the best, God forgiue him, if he halt with me, his good nature is such he cannot abuse me.

Thus was I one day in a Garden prating to my selfe, when walking all alone in an Arbour, he espied me, and in this sort saluted me. Mistresse, I hope you haue made an ende of your *Pater noster*, & if you haue put me in your *Creede*, you shall haue me at more then ten commaundements: I heard you at your prayers, I hope I was not quite out of your minde. If you prayed for me, I hope I shall thriue the better, and if you thought of me, I hope it was for no harme, and if you forgot mee, it was because I deserue no good thought. Now I thought it not manners, to trouble you at your deuotion, but when I saw you rise from your seate, beholding your sadde countenance, I thought good to make you merie with this mad salutation.

Welcome good seruant (quoth I.) but as I was not at prayer, so yet no Witch, in which you were not left out: so, I pray you let me intreate you, to tell no more with commaundements, what you doe at my request. I will requite you with courtesie: my sadnesse was not such, but may be some laide aside, and for your merie salutation, good seruant I thanke you.

Good Mistresse (quoth he) a thanke well deserued, might be as heartily giuen, as happily receiued: I am sorie, I haue deserued no more, and you can giue no lesse. Now though the gift be but little, the cost not great, yet is the receit not small, the desert no greater, to haue a thanke for a thing of nothing, where dutie could not well deserue a greater thing, I must consider it your courtesie, and honor you accordingly. But if good hap would giue good occasion, to shew my good minde, you should see my good nature, in deserning your goodnesse.

God ſeruant (quoth I) your ſpeech is good, and if your meaning be as good, then ſhall I thinke as much good of you, as a good Miſtreſſe may of her good ſeruant. But ſince I haue yet no good occaſion to try your good will, I will be ſo good as to thinke the beſt of you, till I haue cauſe to think the contrarie: wiſhing you as much good, as you can wiſh your ſelfe, and ſure that I am not able to doe you as much good as I wiſh you: ready to doe you what good I may.

I thanke you for your good company, good Miſtreſſe (quoth ſhe,) if my company, my ſelfe, my ſeruice, my loue, or my life, may doe you pleaſure, or helpe that good, that your gentleneſſe deſerues, I ſhould thanke God for my good happe, and wiſhe for no better. God Lord what a world it is to deſire, and not deſerue? and what a world is to deſerue, and get without deſire? Alas, to vſe glofing ſpeeches, giues ſuſpicion of little good meaning: To ſpeake groſely, to a perſon of ſo fine capacitie, will make my words not worth the hearing: plaine Dunſtable, is the high way, and yet there are many holes in it, by a circumſtance is founde an effect. Who dare not ſpeake, muſt looke as he may: he that deſireth to pleaſe, is afraide to offende: Seruantes muſt not be ſawcie, leaſt they be ſhent for their labour: Ladies may giue leaue, and Seruants to be bolde. I would if I durſt, and dare if I would: but becauſe I dare, I will not: and becauſe I would, I dare not. Theſe ſpeeches are darke, and yet they carrie light with them, you may vnderſtand them, and as it pleaſe you, anſwere them, or thinke of them at your pleaſure.

God ſeruant (quoth I) of darke ſpeeches, I muſt not giue light iudgement: ſuffiſeth as I ſaide before, I will thinke the beſt: and for that by a little, I geſſe at a great deale: I pray you in plaine ſpeeches, ſay your mind plainly. I promiſe you pardon, if you ſay that which may offende me,

me, and thankes for any thing that shall content me.

Mistresse (quoth he) vpon pardon a man may be bolde to say his minde: and therefore, not to trouble you with any long talke, thus it is. You know I haue a long time beene your Seruant, yet neuer did you seruice. How long you haue beene my Mistresse, and yet would neuer set me to worke whereby I might deserue your fauour: I haue often merilie (fearing to driue you into a Melancholie) moued a sute to you in iest, which now in earnest I am to beseech you to graunt mee, thus it is The comfort of my minde, the ioye of my heart, the stay of my health, and the onelie sauegard of my life, lyes in your hands. I mourne with feare to misse my faithfull desire, I ioy in heart to thinke what I desire, this ioy maintaines my health. Now my life lies in your handes, which by the loue that at your handes I desire, which desire is nothing but loue, that craues but like, with humble sute obtained, my health may be maintained, my life preserued, or (my sute disdained) my selfe soone dispatched.

Alas good Seruant, I am sorie to see your extremitie, so do I pitie your perplexitie: and if you meane but honestly, you may speede happily. Otherwise, your dissimulation will soone be diseried, and your selfe accordingly ostiemed. I will not vse many words vnto you, cōpany comes, and therefore now let this suffise you. Write me your mind I will answere you, deliuer it me wisely, I will returne you my resolution speedily. Meane time, I pray you absent your selfe, for yander comes mine olde Louer, your aduersarie: I must handle him kindlie, giue him faire words, and send the table packing, to morrow let me heare from you: Thus with as humble as heartie thanks, take my seruant his leaue, and to me comes mine olde doating louer, a rich chuffe in the Countrey, who hauing lately buried his olde Jone, would now faine play the young Gentleman with me. But no, it would not be, Contraries can neuer agree:

age is froward, and youth ſmilish: age is lame, and youth luſtie: age ſickly, youth healthfull: age is melancholy, and youth merrie: age is modeſt, youth mad: age is towards Death, and youth lookes for life: age is iealous, that cannot youth away withall. How then, is it likely that we two ſhould agree hardly? yet I can do little, if I cannot ſpeake him faire, give him good words, and let him goe. But the ſole will be kiſſing, and the ſtubble of his olde chaucn beard new come vp, ſo pricks me, and tickles my lipps, that I am ready to ſcratch them after every kiſſe: but yet his noſe is ſo great, that he hath much adoe to kiſſe kindly: Beſides, he hath a ſtinking breath, and a hollow eye.

Further, I feare by his complexion, he hath beene a traueller, into ſome lowe Countreys, where he hath beene infected with ſome vnwholſome ayre: I geſſe it the more by his ſpeaking in the noſe, and never a good tooth in his head. He is as deafe as a doore, I muſt tell him a tale in his eare, that all the Towne muſt be priuie to, or elſe he cannot heare me. He hath the Gowte in one of his legges, and blinde of one of his eyes: he hath almoſt no hayre on his head, and he hath loſt one of his eares: he goes crup ſhouldred, and ſits downe by leiſure: he is continually coughing, and betwixt euerie three words ſpitting: he never playes at Tables nor Cards, without a paire of Spectacles. Oh what paine I haue to teach him the knaue of Clubbes: his play is not great, thirteene games for three farthings, and yet wrangle to, and in the ende looke vpon both ſides, whether it be a penny or no: Yet will he haue his Purſe full of Golde, to make a braue ſhew withall, and a faire Chaine about his necke, to ſet out a filthy body withall: a Wroche in his Hatte, with a good deale of Golde in it, and a Seale Ring on his finger, with an ounce of Golde at leaſt. Marrie ſir, who wouldnot be glad of ſuch a bargaine? Faith not I. Oh this filthy fellowe

now

nowe must I meete, and haue a little talke with all, and a kisse as good, sauing your reuerence. But patience, wee must nowe to the matter.

Mistresse (quoth hee) what all alone? lacke you any good companie? Yea thought I, farre better then yours, else none for Gods sake? But yet I answered, Oh Syr, you are welcome, howe haue you done this great while? well (quoth hee) good sweete Ladie. And then the olde Horse would haue a young Fillie: and, for all the worlde, like an olde Horses neyghing, would hee be smoyling. And then must one hande goe about my middle, which if I did but put away with my hand, hee would be ready to fall on his nose, for hee had but one good legge to stand on, and therefore my side was a good rest for him.

Nowe when I sawe his foolishnesse, I would merilie saye: Oh Syr, you are a merie man, I praye you talke of somewhat else. To be shorte, I could not away with his stale Iestes, and therefore making but little answere to his propositions, I came out of the Garden into the Parlor, where wee found sitting at his Booke, the Gentlewomans Father of the house, a goodly, well-fauoured, well coloured, and well spoken olde man: who marking the doting loue of this olde Dizarde, notwithstanding, that hee made great account of him, hee would say to him: In faith Syr, you doo but loose your labour, shee is not for you, you and I are both of vs past the world. Tush Syr, would the olde foole answere, you knowe not what may hitte, I haue a graunt already. Oh shamelesse villaine thought I, and therewithall, Syr (quoth I) I hope you are in iest. Iest (quoth hee?) nay I hope you will not goe from your worde so soone. Why Sir (quoth I) what worde haue I spoken, for you to take holde by? Why (quoth hee) did you not plight mee your troath, euen now in the Garden? No sir, (quoth I) I thanke God, I neuer meant it. Yes (quoth hee) but you did meant it, and you did it, and you shall per-

forme

forme it, or I will know why to the contrarie Oh, shame lesse Sir (quoth I) can you so much abuse a poore Gentlewoman? God will plague you for your villany.

No (quoth he) not a whit: but I will plague you for your lustinesse, and therefore resoule to make mée amends with courtesie, or I will requite thée with such crueltie, as thou shalt repent thy pride I warrant thée. O wretch (quoth I) what art thou a Christian, and canst deale thus dishonestly? Fie vpō thée (quoth I) I defie thée I curse the time that euer I saw thée, & while I liue, I will neuer looke vpon thée.

Good words Gentlewoman, (quoth the good olde man of the house.) And Sir, though you bée my freende, and welcome to my house, I pray you abuse not anie héere: if the Gentlewoman had giuen you her word, I doo thinke so well of her, as that I dare vndertake, shée would not haue denied it. What? (quoth the olde Theete) will you giue credit to this young baggage, before mée, you doo abuse me. But a fig for you, and your house too, I will neuer come more in it, and yet I will haue her out of it. What? sir (quoth he) good words, or get you packing out of doores.

Thus were the olde men ready to fall out for mée: now away in a heate, without farewell to one or other, goes this olde Gander. And the olde man of the house fell to straight examination of mée, whither it were so or not: to whome, when I had vpon solemne oath tolde, it was nothing so. He bade me be of good cheere hée should doo me no harme. Now yet my heart beeing sore agreeued to see the villainy of this olde Fornicator: and ioying to see the kinde heart of this other olde Gentleman sorie to bée an occasion of such anger to himselfe, and trouble to his house, betwixt a merrie, go sorie, I fell to such weeping, as quite spoilde mine eyes, and had almost burst my heart. But comforting my selfe alwaies in God, I tooke it, and brooht it as well as I could: so sometime sighing and sobbing for sorrowe to see my hard happe, and [illegible]

comforting

comforting my ſelfe, with the hope of my ſeruants ſwiftie: I paſt away the time as well as I could, till the next morning, whē comes my ſeruant to me with my letter. Which being deliuered vnto me in the garden all alone, I perused the contents thereof, as followeth.

MY good, ſweet, deare, and onely Miſtreſſe, the comfort of your courteſie, at your laſt time of cōpany, hath made me remember my charge, for which I longed for leaue a great while. To trouble you with many words I will not: let this ſuffice. My ſute is humble, my meaning honeſt, my loue heartie, and my heart yours: my hope happie, by your high fauour. My ſelfe yours alwaies, and onely to commaund.

R. G.

WHen I had perused this Letter: Seruant (quoth I) whereas I thought to answere you by Letter, it ſhall be now by word of mouth. If my company did comfort you, I am glad of your amendment: in your performance of promiſe, you haue ſhowne the dutie of a friend: let your humilitie, henceforth become familiaritie: and for your honeſt meaning, I grant you heartie fauour: for your heartie good will, I thinke my ſelfe highly in your debt, your hope ſhall haue what hap with honour I may graunt you, and I alwaies and onely will reſt yours, as mine owne: my ſorrow that I ſee you diſmaide at, came by the accurſed dealing of the olde youth, that would bee: the matter is, he claimes promiſe at my hand, which I vow contrarie: he hath threatned me villainie, and I feare it therewithall. But to auoide this extreamitie, I will tell you what I will doe: I will reueale this vnto the olde Gentle-

man of the houſe, he is a very wiſe, courteous, and kinde hearted man. If he be made priuie to the matter, I knowe he will pittie the caſe: and for that he ſees your liuing not great, during the life of your father, I know he will let vs one of his Farmes good cheape. And ſo with my ſtocke of money, with Gods fauour, care, and good diſpoſe, we may thriue and come forwards well. Miſtreſſe (quoth he) I like your aduiſement well, do as you will I am contented. Then went I to the olde man, and tolde him the matter, which heard, he preſently promiſed vs his fauour: and willed him to prouide all things readie, he with his ſon and his daughter would accompany vs, and he would giue me himſelfe vnto my ſweete ſeruant.

Now the day appointed, appointment kept, all things in readineſſe, and we in the Church: comes this old villainous Loner, or enemie of mine, who hauing heard of the matter, met vs at the Church doore, and there with threatning words, ſware to be reuenged of vs, which in moſt horrible ſort he thus performed.

My Huſband and I walking abroade one day, into a fielde, a pretie way from our houſe, to ſee certaine ſheepe of ours. This olde villaine, watching to haue his will on vs, he ſet ſuddainly with two mercileſſe Knaues, who ſtaying there for the purpoſe, ran vpon vs, with each of them a Sword drawne in his hand, and he on horſe back by them.

Now to my huſband they came, and him they tooke by the ſhoulders, ſhaking him like a Dogge, and reuiling him with theſe words Thou traytour, raſkall, begger, knaue and boy, thou ſhalt dearely buy this thy laucie part with my maiſter. Would none ſerue thy turne but his ſworne wife, ſhe ſhall not be glad of her bargaine neither: and therewith, turning them to the olde man, they aſkt, ſir, whom will ye haue firſt diſpatcht? The queane is with child (quoth he) ſpare her a while, and let me heare what the ſcab can ſay for himſelfe, and then you ſhall diſpatch him, as

I will tell you. Then fell my Husband on his knées: Syr (quoth he) I can say no more, but that I haue offended you, if this Gentlewoman haue made you any former promise: if not, let your conscience accuse you, of wrong to vs, and offence to God: and if you haue either feare of him, or loue to him, change your minde in this murdrous enterprise, God is mercifull, and here we vow, not to bewray you, but during life, to doe you what seruice wée may be able. If you doe vouchsafe vs this fauour, it is more then wée looke for: and if you graunt vs it not, it is no lesse then you will bee damned for. Let my wiues great bellie moue you to compassion, and let my humilitie, perswade your clemencie. This is all I haue to say, to vse your discretion, and shewe your good nature.

Nowe Mistresse (quoth hée) what can you saye for your selfe? Oh Sir (quoth I) you knowe that you haue done me wrong, and by your countenance, I sée you doe confesse it: I am sure in heart you are sorie for it: and assure your selfe, God will therefore forgiue it: if there be any humanitie in you, looke vppon the bellie that is to bring forth a humane creature: let the pittie of the Infant perswade you to mercie: if there be any sparke of good nature in you, lament these bitter teares, that shewe the sharpe sorrowes of an vnhappie heart, if none of these. If there bee any wisedome in thée, looke vpon thy little discretion, in this vnwise, and vngodly pretence.

If thou doest eyther knowe God, feare him, or loue him, or beléeue that hee is, and such a iust God as will plague thée in the Infernall pit, for this thy vnchristian pretence: Looke vp to the heauens, sée how God doth frowne on thée, and threaten thée, in his high displeasure: turne from this Diuellish determination, looke how God doth fréely forgiue thée. What should I say? God will haue no murther hidden, and when it comes to light, thou wouldest be hated of God and man, the byrds of the ayre will bewraye thée, the

children in the streetes will throw stones at thee, and euerie woman will be ready to scratch out thine eyes. Nowe vse thy will, I will say no more.

Well Dame (quoth hee) I promise thee, thou hast turned mee from my wicked deuise: some reuenge I will haue of thee, yet not such as I entended. Therefore chuse whether thou wilt lose thy Husband, or thy Nose, the one is a disgrace to thy face, the other, a discontent to thy minde: chuse which thou wilt, for one of them I will see before I goe, and make haste, for I may not tarrie.

Alas (quoth I) my Husband spare, whether I liue or die, and if my life may content you, I pray you take it: I rather chuse to die, then to be disgraced. Well, then (quoth he) come hither, let me haue a kisse for all the Loue I haue borne thee, and so I will bid thee farewell. I with teares in mine eyes, leaping in for ioy of this good promise, ranne to him, and taking him about the necke to kisse him, the cankred olde Villaine (with the ill-fauoured teeth that hee had) bitte off my Nose, and so with two Villaines like himselfe, away he goes.

Oh Raskall, begotten in an ill houre, borne to mischiefe, brought vp in Villanie, and continuing in the same. God wil plague thee, and these teeth that tare my harmelesse face, will the Diuell teare out with a hote fire hooke.

Well, yet God forgiue thee: and gramercie yet for sauing my Husbands life: since I am borne to miserie, Gods will be done. Thus went I away with my good husband, who notwithstanding my disgrace, made so deare account of mee: as first taking great paines and care, in procuring Medicines for my hurts, and being whole, keeping mee alwayes within doores, or not letting mee goe further then the Garden without sufficient garde, loued mee, tendered mee, and vsed mee in all respects, as well as my heart could desire. Now but himselfe, all men loathed my companie, for my ill-fauoured face: and hee himselfe would otten sigh.

when

whom he lookt vpon me, yet would he not say or make any shew of diſliking.

Well, in this miſerie, paſſing forth a wearie life, I tooke my pen and yncke, & oftentimes ſitting alone in my chãber, when I had not much to doo, I penned this Tragicall diſcourſe: Which, ſcarcely ended, my Huſband one day going abroade, met with this olde Syler, that had done me this miſchiefe, and not being able to brooke the ſight of him, ſuddainly ran to him, and with his Dagger ſlew him, and then with ſore hurts, eſcaping the hands of his company, came running home, and almoſt windleſſe, reuealed vnto me this Tragedie. Now I being great with childe, fell in a traunce, and recouered againe, I fell to dreſſing of his woundes, which bleeding ſore, and he fainting, I was in no good caſe to behold. Let this ſuffice, hitherto I haue written the tragicall diſcourſe of my vnhappy life. Now going to my husband, to ſée how he fares, that he left ſpéechleſſe, ſo weake my ſelfe, as that mine eyes doo faile mée. In hope to goe to God, I bid you all farewell.

N. B. Gent.

Fide non Fortuna.

FINIS.

THE PRAISE of vertuous Ladies.

¶ *An Inuectiue againſt the diſcourteous diſcourſes, of certaine malicious perſons, written againſt Women, whom Nature, Wit, and Wiſedome (well conſidered) would vs rather honour, then diſgrace. For proofe whereof, reade what followes.*

VVritten by the ſaid Author, N. Breton, Gentleman.

Hic & hæc homo,
Conſidera quid mulier.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1606.

To the Courteous,

and Gentle Reader.

GEntlemen and others, to whoſe view ſhal come this wonderful peece of worke of the Praiſe of Women, conſidering how litle cauſe of commendation is found in a number of them. I beſeech you, before you begin to reade, reſolue with your ſelues to take in good part, what you think *I* haue written againſt my conſcience. And though I haue perhappes, as great cauſe to write the contrarie, in reſpect of the little good I haue found in ſome; yet the hope of good that I haue to find by fauour of ſome one, (none ſuch) hath made mee in the behalfe of women generally, (for her ſake) ſay as much as *I* wiſh to approue, and *I* would as gladly affirme. *In* the mean time, *I* hope

To the Reader.

I haue offered none iniurie, in doing them a courteſie : *I* craue pardon of none, for ſaying my minde, and good thoughts of them, of whom *I* deſerue it. Meaning, to deſerue as well as *I* may of all the world, and deſiring too, as little ill to any as may be. Thus wiſhing you, to wiſh Women no better, then you ſee them worthie. *I* pray you wiſh mee no worſe then your ſelues, as *I* wiſh all you. From my Chamber in the Blacke Fryers : this preſent, and alwaies.

Your friend, N. Breton,
Gentleman.

The Author, to the ver-

tuous Ladies and Gentlewomen.

LAdies and Gentlewomen, or other well diſpoſed whatſoeuer: I haue (in your commendations) ſaid as much as I hope you will deſerue: and more then I thinke hath bene ſaid for you this great while. Now if ye thinke that I haue ſaid, is ſaid for flatterie, you ſhould ſhew me little fauour. For to flatter all, I ſhould but haue a floute of a number: and to ſpeake well of all, I hope will make none mine enemie. I craue no further friendſhip then I deſerue, nor greater thanks, thē may requite good will, which wiſheth well to ye all, that are well minded: and if you think I haue ſaid truly, in that I haue written, thanke your ſelues for giuing ſo good occaſion: if contrarie, do your indeuour to make good what I haue ſaid, and will be glad to ſee: & ſo I reſt, ready to do you a greater ſeruice: from my Chamber, in the *Blacke-Fryers.*

N. B. Gent.

FINIS.

The Praiſe of vertuous Ladies, and Gentle-women.

WHEN I peruſe and conſider of the ſtrange diſcourſes of diuers fantaſticall fellowes, that haue no grace, but in diſgracing of Women, in Inuectiues againſt them, in moſt deſpiteful deſcription of their diſſimulations, in ſuch ſhamefull ſetting out of theyr ſexe, whereby, for a fewe mad-headed wenches, they ſeeke to bring all, yea, moſt modeſt Matrones; and almoſt all Women in contempt: ſurely mee thinkes, I can terme them by no name fitter for theyr Follie; then madde men, that faine would bee Authors of ſomewhat: and knowing not what to take in hand, runne headlong into ſuch abſurdities, as redounde to theyr vtter diſhonor. For let a man not quite forgette himſelfe, and but a little looke into himſelfe, hee ſhall ſee ſo great a part of a Woman in himſelfe, as that except hee will runne from himſelfe, hee cannot but with as great honour account of them, as of himſelfe. Let mee goe to the beginning, was not the firſt Woman, made out of Man? and was ſhee then any thing elſe, but a peece of himſelfe? Nowe when ſome would enuie againſt her, for her deceite: did ſhee it of her ſelfe? no, it was by the Serpent. And further, if a man ſhould conſider narrowlie of it, was ſhee anie other then himſelfe, that deceyued himſelfe? Furthermore, if it were but for the paines they take, in the bringing of vs into the worlde, beſides the pleaſure that wee haue in the worlde,

wee

wee ought rather to cauer aule crime or [illegible] might breede their discredite, then of our selues vnworthily to seeke their defame.

Some men may thinke, that some one woman hath hyred mee to flatter all, or else by flattering of all, I should hope of fauour of some one. Some will say, perhaps hee hath a Woman to his Mother: some other, a Woman to his Mistresse: some other, hee is sworne to the Candlestick: other, it is pittie hee was not made a woman: and some, oh hee is a good Womans man.

Nowe, all these I auiuere in their kindes, as all Women are not of one nature, so neither are all Natures of one disposition: as one [illegible] to be flattered, so other loue to be stately dealt with [illegible]. Therefore if I would seeke to flatter all, I should but floute my selfe: and commonly, the hyre of flatterie is but hate, which is so colde a comforte to anie mannes Conscience, as hee were well worthie of a frumpe for his follie, that would bee hyred to such a seeruice. Further, they are Feeles that loue to bee flattered, and Women haue euer naturally had so much witte, as to finde a falsehede in a faire tale. But if faire wordes bee truely spoken, and by authoritie confirmed: they cannot but bee as freendly taken, as fully allowed. Wherefore, my wordes in theyr behalfe, shall shewe testimonie of my true meaning, else let me abide the slaunder, of such hypocrisie as is hatefull to an honest minde.

That I haue a Woman to my Mother, I graunt, and am most heartily glad off: for surely, hee that is borne of a Woman, wants a peece of a Man: and hee that despiseth his Mother, in that shee is a Woman, is to be disdained himselfe, in that hee is no Mae. Are wee not commaunded by God, to honour Father and Mother? Is it not written in the holy Scriptures, *Thou shalt honour thy Father, But thy Mothers paines shalt thou neuer forgette:* Then remember the Commaundement, and do thy Mother

ſher due reuerence: diſdaine her not, for feare of Gods diſpleaſure: diſcredit her not, for GOD and mans diſliking: defame her not, for feare of thy Soules deſtruction.

Now ſome will ſay, that I haue a Woman to my Miſtreſſe, I will not denie it, for Saints are none vpon the earth, and Diuels I would be loath to to do ſeruice to. A Woman of honour, may well be Miſtreſſe to a Man of worſhip: in reaſon conſider, and graunt me this: what Souldiour ſo valiant? what Courtiour ſo fine? and what Scholler ſo profound: but will vſe his armes, his allegeaunce, and his art to win the fauour of his Miſtreſſe?

I haue heard ſome talke they for pleaſure in a heate, that the fayreſt Lady in the world, ſhould not make them ſtoupe to their Lure. But when (without an Hoſtler) they walked themſelues a cold: oh then ere long recant all, it was not I, and cry Peccauie, for a fauourable looke, of an indifferent face.

Now ſome will ſay, that I am ſworne to the candleſtick, ſuch I wiſh their noſes in the ſocket. And this I ſay further, my faith was not yet ſo much had in queſtion, to be called to the Candleſticke: but if he that ſay ſo, haue beene brought to the like booke oath, I wiſh he had eaten the ſtrings for his labour.

Some will ſay, it is pittie he was not made a Woman: I wonder why? my beautie is not ſuch, to allure a wanton eye, nor mine eye ſo wanton, to allure a wicked mind, my qualities are not onely fit for a Chamber, nor in my chamber alwayes in bed. Then what ſee theſe fellowes in mee? if they ſay ſo, they know not why. I anſwere them, I care not how.

Some will ſay, oh, he is a good Womans man: beleeue mee, I thinke it better to be thought, a good Womans man, then an ill mans Woman. But

as no man can be counted a mans Woman, but figuratiuely: ſo then a good Womans man, I thinke a man cannot bee tearmed more fitterly: but if any man ſpeake it in ſcorne, I anſwere him in ſcoffe: if hee ſpeake it in deſpite of Women, let them diſdaine him; if in diſpleaſure with mee, as he is angrie without a cauſe, he ſhall be pleaſed without amends.

And to conclude, I am of this minde, that as nowe the worlde goes, he is verie precife, or little wiſe, that would not rather chooſe the fauour of one woman, then the friendſhip of any man. Nowe hauing made anſwere to theſe obiections, I will goe onwardes with my opinion, touching the worthineſſe of Women.

Let me ſee what man was euer ſo good, ſo iuſt, ſo pitifull, ſo liberall, ſo learned, ſo Famous, for rare excellencies, but there may be founde a Woman, euerie waies his match? ſeeke authorities out of Scripture. Was not the bleſſed Virgin Marie a Woman? how good did God thinke her, that he would vouchſafe to coniopne in her moſt holy wombe, his diuine Grace, with her humaine Nature? He thinkes there is no man of any good minde at all, but would thinke well of all Women for her ſake: and ſuch as are not good, to wiſh them grace to amend, rather then ſo to diſgrace them, as makes them never haue heart to fall to good againe. Admitte Eue was ill, ſo was Adam too. Cruell was the woman that killed her Childe, ſo was Caine, in killing his owne brother Abell. But leauing diſcommendations: nowe to commende for particular cauſes. For beleefe, who before the Woman of Canaan? For repentance, Marie Magdalen? And for cauſes touching ſalnation, what greater points then Faith with penitencie? For worldlie cauſes touching Fame. What greater vertue, then Learning? the grounde of all knowledge: howe better knowne then by apparance, and where? but where there

is

is none such, I list not to trouble you, with recounting the names of worthie Ladies, let this suffice, if there neuer were any so worthie commendation, as men be-before this instant age: yet nowe is to be found a Woman worthie a more worthie name (if more worthie might bée) who for repentant Faith, with rare Vertues, may be as well honoured of all godly mindes, as with wonderfull loue, worshipped of all good mindes, Was there euer man learned? so is shée: and by his learning Vertuous? no lesse is Shée: and by his Vertues Famous? Shée as much as hée. Now though there bée none such as Shée, yet as shée is of all most excellent, so are there some other for commendation, more then indifferent. But for that I will not giue too much to anie, nor can giue her sufficient: I say this for all Women, that men are madde that séekes their dishonour. The Prouerbe sayes, That it is an euill Birde, will file the owne nest. Then let man consider the Henne that hatcheth him, and he woulde bée loath to haue the Cocke haue all the meate from her.

Some disprayse Virgins, because they be obstinate, for my selfe, I thinke it a signe of ill nature in a Woman, to bée harde-hearted. But if it come with care of credite, or content, I will allow it, say Louers what they list, for that fittes one mans eye, is farre from fitting another mans fancie: He may like, and she may loath, shée may loue, and he not like. All are not of one mould, one minde, one nature, one complexion, nor one condition: Loue hath no reason in his choyce: then such as haue found such harde dealing in fayre Damosels, let them consider of these clauses, and let them alone. Lucke is a great matter in loue, and so let it rest.

Some will dispraise women for wantonnesse, surely, I am perswaded, if the worlde were examined, we should finde a Jacke an Apes, as wanton as a Monkie: We

ſhould finde a young man as wanton, in loking Babies in a ladies eyes, as her with flirting him on the Lippes with her little Finger: him as wanton in wearing a Tope, as her in wilhing the like: him as wanton in his diuices, as ſhee in deſyres: and hee in deſires, as much as ſhee in delights: hee as wanton in coſt, as ſhee in colours: hee as wanton in gift, as ſhee in receit.

What ſhall I ſay? be as wanton as ſhee euery way, and ſhee one way wiſer then hee: if ſhee bee braggie of her Beautie, hee is as proude of his proper perſonage: if ſhee ſtretche out a fine hande, hee ſtroueth out a ſtraight Legge: if ſhee haue her hand on the Pefts in her Cheeke, hee is twyrking of his Muſtachios: if ſhee play the wanton with a little Dogge, hee will bee ſo wanton as to wiſh himſelfe a Whelpe. To bee ſhort, if ſhee bee vaine in one thing, hee will bee as little vertuous in an other.

Some will ſay, Woman are couetous, are not men as handfaſt? beſides liberalitie, of courteſie, breedes loſſe of credite. Let not men bee niggards, if they will haue Women franke hearted. Some will ſay, Women are pil Pyſtreſſes, they giue ſlender wages in deede: I haue heard ſome called Knaue, twentie tymes a daye, yet hath not had halfe that hee deſerued. Some laweleruaunt will loke for a fauour, before hee deſerues a fayre loke. And ſome ſeruantes thinkes their Miſtreſſe is couetous, though they giue them neuer ſo much, if they giue not themſelues alſo. But ſuch as wonte haue all, ſhall loſe all.

Therefore, let men weigh liberalitie in kinde, and they ſhall finde Women free hearted, in extending fauour (not fullie deſerued) and themſelues couetous, in being neuer contented. Some will ſay, Women are ſwiſh? hee neuer heard that the wiſedome of a Woman, ſhould bee no

more

more then to goe out of the raine, when shee is in it, and knowe her husbands bed from another mans.

But nowe a dayes men be so Phantasticall (I dare not say Foolishe) that if a Woman be not so wise as to make a Man a Fole, shee is no wise woman: No forsoth, but hee is a very wise man to matche with such a Woman. Women have witte naturallie: Wisedome must be had by Grace, Grace was given to our Ladie: then who wiser then a woman? Weigh worldly wisedome by wit and experience, and let me see who, with all the experiments hee can devise, can make a Woman a fole in any thing, but himselfe in the same as unwise.

Some will say, Women are unconstant, but I say not all: for *Penelope*, and *Cleopatra*, *Lucretia*, with divers more to long to rehearse, shall stande for examples of such constancie, as no man (euer) more constant. And for follie in Fancie: who wiser then *Salomon*, who more wanton in Loue?

Some will say, Women are deceitfull, but they that will saye so, be such as deceive themselves in Women: to thinke them trustie. For as well of Men as of Women, it is sayde: *Ferre nulla Fides est in Terris.* Lette not men Couzen themselues with a wilfull conceite: beleeue no more then Reason leades them to. And they shall finde Women but like themselues, devising all meanes they maye, and employing the best wittes they haue, to worke their wiles. And for deceyt, what greater Treason was euer founde in any woman, then in *Judas* when hee betrayed Christ.

But leaving this, some will say, a Woman is a necessarie euill. That shee is necessarie, I graunt, but euill I denie, except it be meant onely in respect of Man, that desireth not any thing that is good, and so, his desire makes her ill, in estimation of his minde, for that shee is the con-

lent of an ill conceite: but (indeede, well conſidered) he ſhould finde, that the ill were in his conceite onely, and not in the Woman, who is no other ſubſtaunce then another himſelfe. And if I muſt graunt as I cannot chooſe, that there is none good but God: ſo indeede I muſt yelde, that Woman is ill, and Man no better, for if that Woman bee ill, howe can Man be good, vnto whome ill is ſo neceſſarie? But whether may Man be thought worſe then ill, that will vſe that ill, worſe then it ſhould bee? Therefore, let Man firſt mend his minde, before hee ſo diſcommend a ſubſtance of his owne Naturall kinde.

Some will ſaye, Women are pittifull, howe is that knowne? by lookes and ſpeeches: Men are more: which is ſhewen, as well in worde of mouth, as in writing.

Some will ſay, a Woman is a woe to a man, who put in that to, did it of his owne authoritie, and therfore it is not to be allowed.

For conſider right of the worde, and the (to) is as well left out, as the worde falſely written, for indeede it ought to be written Woman, and not Woman, for that ſhee doth woe Man with her Vertues, who weddes her with vanitie. For Man being of witte ſufficient to conſider of the Vertues of a Woman, is (as it were) raviſhed with the delight of thoſe vanities, which do (after a ſort) drawe the ſenſes of Man to ſerue them.

Now a Woman having not ſo deepe a capacitie to conceiue or iudge of the conditions of Man, is onely wedded to his will: which thing how vaine it is, is ſeene when it is bent to little Vertue.

Some haue a delight to tearme Women by Nicke-names, as in the worde ſhee is an Image. But howe wiſe is the Man, that hath his wittes ſo Couzoned, to take one thing for another? They be Lunaticke, or in Loue, that worſhippe ſuch Idolles. And this I will ſaye further, if ſhe bee an Image, ſhe is liker nothing then a Man: in

the

the house, shee is a number of things: in the Kitchin she is a Cormorant: If shée dresse meate, is shee not worthy to eate: I haue seene a man eate the meate that a Woman hath dressed: and men liker Cranes, then Women Cormoraunts. In the milke-house she is a Cat: why? if she milke a Cowe, is she not worthy to taste it for her labour? In the Cheese shee is a Mouse: why? if shee set the Curds togither, should she not taste the meate? In the Bakehouse shee is a Bee, for busie stirring about. Yet her sting is but her tongue, that hurts no body except shée be troubled: then allow the Bée her Hiue, and let her rest. In the Buttrie shée is a Sprite, but shée doth no hurt, but fray a Mouse from the bread, and a theefe from the Cubbord. In the Seller she is a Sow, and yet I haue seene one Dutchman drinke more then fiue English women. In the Hall she is a Hare, but being tame, take héede how you hurt her.

In the Parler shee is a Parrat, she learnes but what is taught her, and an Almound will please her. In the Chamber shée is a Birde, and who sings swéeter then the Nightingale? In the Bedde shée is a Flea, if she laye on the Blankets, shee is more worthy to lye in the Shéetes.

But well, if it were not for making woman to be worse then they would be, I would tell them how they might tearme men in sundrie places, both within and without the house. But let this suffice, I meane but onely to commend Women, and not offend men. And if I haue vnwittingly offended any, I willingly aske pardon of all, with promise of amends, if my power serue me.

For qualities worthie commendation, sée who is to bée preferred, the man or the Woman? without the house for Husbandrie: if he Mowe, she can Tedde: if hée tedde,

she

ſhée can turne: if hee can cocke, ſhée can rake, if hée can loade, ſhee can laye abroade: if hée ſowe, ſhee can reape: if hée can ſhocke, ſhee can binde the Sheaffes: if hée can Threſh, ſhee can Fanne: if hée can grinde, ſhée can boult, if hée can laye Leauen, ſhée can heate the Ouen: If hee knowe howe to buye a Cowe, ſhee can milke her: if hee can breake a Horſe, ſhee can ryde to the Market on him: if he buye a Sowe, ſhee can ſerue her: if hee can bring home the Milke, ſhée can ſette it togither: if hée can make a Panne, ſhee can fleete the Milke: if hee can make a Chearne, ſhée can make Butter: if hée make a Preſſe, ſhée can make Chéeſe: If hée can dreſſe the Garden, ſhée can weede it: if hée can ſowe good Hearbes, ſhée can gather Sallets: if hée can ſette ſweete Flowers, ſhée can make a fine Noſegay: if hée can gather good Hearbes, ſhee can make good Pottage: if hée bee a good Cooke, ſhée is a good Dayrie Woman: if hee bee a good Baker, ſhée is a good Brewer: if hée bee good in the Pantrie, ſhée is as good in the Paſtrie: if hée be at his Penne, ſhée is at her Needle: if hée be a good Taylor, ſhée is a good Seampſter: and if hée bee a good Bruſher, ſhée is a good Laundrer. And which is more worthie Loue, a cleane Shyrte, or a fine Coate?

Nowe in higher Cauſes: if hée bee Valiaunt, ſhée is Vertuous: if hée can Leape well, ſhée can Daunce well: if hée can Playe well, ſhée can Sing well: if hée can commende, ſhee can as thankfullie conſider: and if hee can take it well, ſhée can thinke it as well beſtowed: if hee can Wryte, ſhee can Reade: if hee can ſweare truely, ſhee can beléeue faithfully: if hée can deſerue, ſhee can giue due: if hée can like Honourablie, ſhee can Loue as heartilie. In fine, if hee haue any good qualitie, ſhée hath another.

It were but a follie, to fill my Worke with examples, of this Woman for constancie, and that for fickletie, an other for Vnchastitie, and the other Woman, for worthie witte. Let this suffice in briefe, there is in sickneſſe no greater comforte, in health no better companion to a wise man, then a wittie woman.

Now for wise women, I thinke he should shewe himselfe a very unwise man that would wishe for such a one. I remember a prettie speeche, once uttered by a very wise man: when a man (as it seemed) not very wise, came to him for his counsaile, what he might doe to come by a certaine Iewell, that was stolen from him out of his Chamber: and (hauing told his losse) before he would heare of his aduise. Sir (quoth he) were I not best to goe to a wise woman? Yes marry (quoth he) if you knewe where any such were. Meaning they were so harde to hit on, that it were but follie to seeke them. Now what pittie it is to see some men so unwise, to thinke such wisedome in any Woman: after he had lost his Iewell, if her would haue wisht into himselfe, and founde his owne follie, before he had sought such wisedome in a woman, he should haue seene, that it were more wisedome for a man, to keepe that he hath warily, then unwisely to runne to a Woman, to seeke for wit how to finde it againe.

But I will stand no more upon this poynte, let it suffice that it is wisedome for a man to take heede, that a Woman be not wiser then himselfe: and howe wise soever he be, to count them no Fooles. For in deede, as the common Proverbe is, The witte of a Woman is a great matter: and true, when a man with all his wisedome, is sometime to learne wit of her.

In mine opinion, I heard a very wise speeche of a verie wittie Woman, touching the wisedome (if any) that ought to be in a Woman. In a Mayde, to take care in choyce of a Husband: in a married Woman, to loue none

but her husband: in a widow, to prouide for her children: in an old woman, to haue care of her end.

Now for men, if a Batcheler take heed what wife he takes, and hauing taken a wife, to loue no other woman: a Widdower, to looke for his children, before a new wife, and an olde man his graue: is it amiſſe? no I warrant ye. Nowe men muſt bee wiſe, in caring for Women, and themſelues too, and Women no wyſer, then in caring for ſuch men as care for them. But if a man bee ſo vnwiſe to trouble a Womans wit to care for him, howe wiſe is hee? and what wit hath ſhee? Confeſſe you that haue guiltie conſciences, and learne to bee wiſe: and thinke this ſufficient commendation for a Woman, if ſhee bee a Virgin for chaſtitie, with Virginitie vertuous, of condition courteous, and true of loue: ſuch a Woman ought to bee, and if ſuch they be not, pray for them as I doe, and ſuch as are, honour them as worthy: and for their ſakes, all other whatſoeuer they bee, iudge the beſt till you ſee the contrarie: and where you knowe it, ſhake your head and ſay nothing: but it is pitie, God hath done his part in her, God amend her: put the fault in pride, and not in her. And you ſhall ſee ſuch a chaunge, that it was not ſhee, no forſooth (as little children ſay) it was the Babegger.

They ſay nowe, the worlde is towardes the laſt yeare, and men toward their laſt willes: then let Women bee towardes their firſt Wiſedome. And if they ſhew but little wiſedome: yet let that haue ſuch commendation, that they may bee encouraged, to continue and encreaſe the ſame. For ſurely (well conſidered) a man can not do honour to a more worthie perſon, then a Woman. Is it not an abuſe in a man to diſpraiſe his friende? What greater friend to a man, then a Woman? who can diſcommend that he loues? except he diſſemble for? hypocriſie is as ill as hereſie. What can a man loue more

then

ſhen a Woman? what, ſuch loue as betwixt them?
Marrie ſome will ſay, they muſt loue dearely, or hate deadly. God forbidde, that anie man ſhould bee out of charitie: I woulde thinke it a harde matter to hate a woman. Yet ſince it is poſſible to doo little better: I thinke it wiſedome to conceale it, for there is nothing gotten by reuealing it.

Well, not to ſeeme tedious, let me draine towards an ende: thinke well of as manie as you may, loue whome you haue cauſe, hate none: whatſoeuer you thinke, ſay nothing in their diſhonour, leaſt you growe in their bitter diſliking: and then your reaſon as good as your company. When you ſighe for fauour, take a ſponge with you: I marualle you can away ſo long with a Womans companie, &c.

But well, to auoide the ſtrumpets, ſlowtes, ſkowles, diſdainefull ſpeeches, quippes, taunts, and angrie countenaunces, that Women will ſome beſtow, where they ſée cauſe, doo this: If you cannot loue, yet doo not loathe: if you will not honour, yet doo not hate: if your conſcience let you not, commend them, yet let your courteſie, not let you doo the contrarie. Remember your Mother, forget not your friend: offend not your Miſtreſſe, and make much of your ſelfe: If you like my counſaile, followe it: it not diſdaine it not: if you loue a Woman, remember mee: if you care for none, we will none of vs trouble you: if we doo it, it is againſt our willes. But who is hee that loues not a woman? and wherefore then will any looke awrie vpon mee? I knowe not, and ſhall I ſay I care not? Well, let it goe, ſince it is not, I doo all for the beſt, and I truſt the beſt will take it ſo: as for the reſt, there lyes neither life nor death vpon a looke, and therefore hoping the beſt, I will not doubt the the contrarie. And if men be as well contented with me for this prayſe of Women, as I am determined to content them, with the like of them

hereafter: if Will be not frowarde, and Wit faile me not, I truſt the Ace of Dimonds will goe to the ſtocke, and e-verie man will be pleaſed. In the meane time about ſome better woorke, then I meane to make boaſt of: I muſt attend my Harveſt, ere I fall to Hawking.

Thus if I ſaid any thing amiſſe, God forgiue me: if I haue ſayde well, God be thanked, take it among you: if I haue ſaid truly, it is not to blamed: if other wiſe, I haue but ſpoken mine opinion, which I hope to ſee fully approued. And ſo ſoyle, if I haue ſaide that the wiſe will miſlike, and glad if I haue written, that the good will take well. I conclude of a ſuddaine, with this ſhort ſentence, *Hic & hoc Homo, Conſidera quod Mulier*, Like of them as you liſt, Loue whom you can: when you ſeeke for fauour, God ſend you good fortune. And ſo fare you well.

FINIS. *N. G. Gent.*

A Dialogue betvveene
Anger and Patience.

Anger.

Ie on the world, the flesh, and the Diuell. Patience. What is the matter? Anger. The world is naught. Patience. It may amend. Anger. When it is to late. Patience. Better late then neuer. Anger. As good neuer a whit, as neuer the better. Patience. A crust is better then no bread at all. Anger. A crust is hard of digestion. Patience. Not for a hungrie stomacke. Anger. Oh, it will aske vile chewing. Patience. Take time enough. Anger. My belly will thinke my throate cut, that I take no better. Patience. A litle sufficeth Nature. Anger. When thee hath enough. Patience. Then thee needes no more. Anger. Yea, but where is that enough? Patience. In Gods Grace. Anger. Why, I haue the grace of God, but I want the wealth of the world, to grace my selfe withall. Patience. Alas, the vaunterie of the world, is but beggerie before God. And the rich man to heauen, goes as a Camell through a Needles eye. Anger. Yea, but begging is a vile life in the meane time. Patience. Then worke. Anger. That goes against the Woll. Patience. Paines brings profit. Anger I haue often lost my labour. Patience. Take heed then how you worke. Anger. Had I will was a fole. Patience. Then learne to be wise.

A Dialogue, betweene

Anger. But how? Patience. Not with hast Anger. How much leisure? Patience. A little and a little.

Anger. Words are good, but that they bring no substance. Patience. A cold winde is good in a hotte Sommer. Anger. Yea, but the winde of words is but a blast. Patience. I perceive one coling card will not serue a hot gamester. Anger. Oh what a slaue was I? Patience. Wherefore? Anger. Play, play. Patience. Play no more. Anger. Oh, *Primero*. Patience. Rest from rests. Anger. And what shall I do? Patience. Be quiet. Anger. I cannot. Patience. What troubles you?

Anger. All things, Men, Women, and Children: Men be deceitfull, Women wayle, and Children costly.

Patience. Condemne not all for a fewe, and take héede whom you trust. Men are wise, Women wittie, and Children must be cared for. Anger. Why doest thou crosse me? Patience. To turne thée to right. Anger. Why? whether was I going? Patience. From thy selfe.

Anger. Why, am I mad? Patience. No, but in a melancholy. Anger. That is but an humour. Patience. Knowe you whereof it comes? Anger. No, I pray you tell me. Patience. Of Choller. Anger. How should I get helpe of it? Patience. It must be purged by Patience.

Anger. That is soft Phylicke. Patience. Yet will it worke well. Anger. When shall I take it? Patience. Euening and morning, and every day. Anger. For how long? Patience. During life. Anger. What? wilt thou binde me to a diet? Patience. That shall do thee good, refuse not. Anger. What shall I pay for it? Patience. Repentance. Anger. Who shall have it? Patience. Selfe-loue. Anger. Will that please him? Patience. Hee may not refuse it. Anger. When must I paye it? Patience. When you take your Phylicke. Anger. What good will it do mee? Patience. Great: It will cleare you of Choller,

Anger and Patience.

Choller, it will make you finde a new world: teach you how to knowe your friends, and to beware of your foes: the way to a quiet life, a happie end, and Heauen hereafter.

Anger. Oh, good Phisick. Patience. None, such Anger. When is it good taking it? Patience. In the fall or spring, or at any other time. Anger. How shall I take it?

Patience. Fasting in the morning, and eate what you can gette after: Sleepe not before your eyes be together, and keepe you as warme as your cloathes will giue you leaue: walke vp and downe about you businesse, and suppe not late, except you haue not eaten any thing all day before. Keepe this order, and my life for yours, this heate of yours will quite away, keepe it for an excellent peece of Phisicke: You may make it with a little cost, and no great labour.

Anger. Syr, for your good will I thanke you, but for your Medicine, I gesse it of meane effect: yet for that I am troubled with a Melancholie, I meane to trie your cunning. In the meane time I will fetch a sigh for my sinnes, and bidde you fare well. I am but yong, and am going to age: hee hath promised me to learne me some good Lessons. Patience. And with him shall you finde me, and so till we meete farewell.

Thus is Youth gone to Age, of whose meeting yet shall heare more ere long: In the meane time, I craue you Patience, to beare with that hath passed, and if hereafter you heare of any better stuffe, thinke of it as it deserues, and of mee as you haue cause, in minde to giue you as good cause as I can, to thinke the best of me.

Meane time, hoping I haue giuen no man cause to say ill by mee, I wishe all the worlde to thinke the best of euery man, and so of mee among the rest. Who wish

none

none ill, but all as well as I deſire them to wiſh me.
And ſo fare you well.

Patientia, Penitentia.

N. B. Gent.

FINIS.

NOw Gentlemen, when I had finisht vp my Booke, and badde you farewell, came to my remembrance, an olde peece of Phisicke, good for such persons, as are sicke like my selfe, which for that I gesse it as profitable as it may seeme pleasant, I am to desire you to reade a little more what followes. It was my happe (not many months since) to be very sicke, when, so weake as I could not well walke abroad, I tooke my penne, and wrote vnto my friendes, of such matters as stood me vpon not to let slip. Among which, my health beeing not the least thing that I tooke care of, I wrote vnto a friend of mine, whom I counted a good Phisition, to minister me some such Phisicke as he thought good for the disease Now the man wel acquainted with the cause, and minding rather to comfort me with some merrie counsell, then weaken mee with two many Medicines, wrote me word, to obserue such a diet, as I thinke is very requisite for all men, that shall fall into the like Feuer, to take care to keepe: and when they haue found as much ease as I haue done in it, then I shall haue as much thankes as he had: but least I seeme tedious ere I begin, thus it was.

A Phisitions Letter.

COmmendations considered, sorie for your heaumesse, yet glad of your good remembrãce, (notwithstanding, your great weaknesse:) This is to let you understand, that now you are determined to take my counsaile, and trouble your selfe with no more Phisicke. Upon Thursday fortnight (God willing) I meane to see you: till when, for that I see no daunger of death in you, I haue heere written you word, what order you shall take, and when I come, we will talke further. First considering that the cause growes of concrite, which hath breede such a hearts griefe in you, as will hardly bee cured without Gods great goodnesse: and yet by his grace, is not past helpe. This you shall doe, thinke not of that you haue lost, for the losse will gaine you nought, but griefe: and cast not to get any thing ill, least the gaine breede as great an after sorrow as the losse: and to recouer your health, and estate, by such good meanes as it may continue, this you shall doe. Obserue this order.

In the morning when you rise, serue God, and hee will see to you: wash your handes with running water, it is good for the heate of the Liuer: make your breakfast of a warme broath, which you shall make of Hearbes in this sort. Take a handfull of Tune, and put as much Rewe into it: stampe with these two, a roote or two of Repentance, and straine them into a faire Dish, with the iuyce of Purseline, let it stand on the fire till it bee lake-warme, then

then taste it with your fingers ende, and if you like it not, throwe it out at the Windowe: upon my word, it will neuer hurte you. For your meate, you may now and then, if your stomacke stande to fleshe, eate of a little warme Mutton, but take heede it be not laced, for that is ill for a sicke bodie: For chaunge now and then, eate of a Rabbet, it is as restoratiue, olde Cunnies are too drye, and too harde of digestion. You may now and then eate of a Larke, it is good and light meate, but Buntings are too bitter. A Partidge is not amisse, but eate not of a plot Plouer. A Chicke now and ten of a moneth olde, but Marche Birds are too strong meate. A Woodcocke manie sicke folkes may be bold withall, but a Goose of all other, is a vile Bird, a perillous meate, for a sicke person. And of all meates, Foule or other flesh, whatsoeuer, take heede of Venison, as Does flesh, and Heares flesh, and such like, they are stirring meates, & will distemper the body very much.

For fish, of all, beware of swallowing a Godgin whole, or a Leaping Whyting, a Coddes head, is not very good, and a salt Eele is vnholsome: if I lye, aske the Ship boy. Drinke not too much Wine, least it inflame the blood, and bring the Phrse into a consumption.

Comforte your selfe with hope of better hau, then you haue had, considering you cannot well haue worse. Follow hard the good worke you haue in hand, and finishe it as well as you haue begunne, it will make you amends for a great deale of mispent time, it will purchase you credit, payement for your paines, good thoughts of your betters, thanks of your friends, and content to your selfe.

Thus loath to trouble you, with any more matter at this time, I praye you followe my counsaile, and when I come, tell mee what ease you finde: In the meane time, as the Fidlers sayes, I praye you bee merrie, as you may, (I meane) though not as you woulde, and so God keepe

A Phiſitions Letter.

you, ſende you your health, both of his grace, and all friends a merry meeting. In haſt from my Chamber in Smithfield.

Your better friend,
then Phiſition,

R. S.

Il ſano non ha biſogna dell medico.

A Farewell.

When I had received this Letter from this my friendly Phiſition, I toke more comfort in the mirth of this order ſet downe, then care for the obſeruance of the ſame. But as now and then a ſick mans ſpirits ſhall be ſomewhat more reuiued vpon a ſuddaine merrie ieſt, then a ſullen medicine, ſo was I more pleaſed with this merie counſel, then I thinke I ſhould haue bene with this Phiſicke: but as in health no better company then a pleaſant friende, ſo in ſickneſſe, no better comfort, then a merrie companion.

I muſt needs ſay, both doe well: for as Phiſicke doth miniſter Medicines, to purge ſuch ill humours as doe inflame the bloud, infect the Liuer, and ſo bring the bodie into diſeaſes: ſo doeth the pleaſant ſpeeche of an honeſt friende, purge the minde of ſuch melancholicke conceits, as bring the braine into ſuche hurlie-burlie, as that all the bodie is the worſe for it. For make the bodie neuer ſo cleane from all cauſes of infection, yet let the minde be diſturbed, within a little time you ſhall ſee the bodie brought into ſuch ſickneſſe, as is hardly to be cured. But let a man be neuer ſo ſicke, if he haue the company of ſuch a companion, as he may finde content with all: this ſickneſſe will by little and little ſo ſome away, as all the art in the world is not able to doe without it.

What ſhall I further ſay? There is no ſickneſſe, no ſore, as that growes of ſorrow, no better meane to cure it, then the company of a contentiue friend: and whereas company cannot be had, merrie counſell muſt ſerue the turne. I ſpeake by experience, in ſorrow no man ſicker, with Phiſicke no man weaker: deſiring myrth, no man more, enioying no man leſſe: by Gods good helpe, in the middeſt of this miſerie, found a friende bolaked for, that ſaying me in

ſuch extremitie, of a ſodden, fell into a great laughing, not for ioy to ſee my ſorow, but for a wonder to ſee me in ſuch a wofull caſe: now knowing my friends nature, ſcarce able to force a ſmile, I laughed a little for company.

Now to make me merrie, the beſt Phyſicke for a ſwdaine meeting, he begins to tell me what hap he had to viſit ſicke folkes: For that not an houre before, he had beene with a very friend of mine, and his ſon, whome he had left halfe frantick, of a ſanctificall Feuer. For ſoothe he was ſo farre in Loue, as nothing would ſtrue his turne, but Death.

No grace with him, but ſhaking the head with a terrible ſigh or two: and not a word, but ha, and oh, and now and then riſe off his bed in a rage, knitting his browes, with Cancro, and then he ſpake Italian, and by and by make obeyſance to the window, downe on his knees, lift vp his hands, kiſſe his hand, let fall a teare or two, with madame: and with that word, teare open his buttons, throw off his hat, fling away his Pantoffles, breake all the ſtrings of his lute, knocke the belly againſt the bedde poſte, and runne to his ſworde, when then it was time to catch hold of him, and ſo with friendly perſwaſions, to bring him to better quiet. And in the ende of his Tale, but then art not ſo: when God knowes, he found me in far tamer taking. But to be ſhort, with this pleaſant Tale, he trifled out the time, till my fit was ouer: when we fell to ſuch friendly communication, as merily paſſed away that day, and after many moe, till in the ende with Gods helpe, I recouered, to whom bee giuen the glorie of all health: who indeed in health, is the onely good friend, and in ſickneſſe, the onely Phiſition, that comforteth and cureth the moſt ſicke, that truſteth in his heauenly helpe.

Thus haue you heard, what good a merie friend doth in time of ſickneſſe: which (as you ſhall haue occaſion) ſend

for

A Farewell.

for to your comfort, alwaies accounting and honouring God as the chiefe Physition. To whom for our health, and other his benefits otherwise bestowed upon us, be given all glory and praise, world without ende. Amen.

Medico del Anima Iddio,
Del corpo buon Compagno.

N. B. *Gent.*

FINIS.

A Table of the diſcourſes.

The fifſt: *The Will of Wit.*
The ſecond: *The Authors Dreame.*
The third: *The Scholler and the Souldier.*
The fourth: *The Miſeries of Manillia.*
The fift: *The Praiſe of Women.*
The Farewell: *A merrie peece of Phiſicke.*

What faults are eſcaped in the Printing, finde by diſcretion, and excuſe the Author, by other worke that let him from attendance to the Preſſe.

Non ho che nouſa.

N. B. Gen.

FINIS.